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A DRAMATIC AND UNEXPECTED ITEM OF THE GREAT ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY: AIRMEN PARACHUTISTS IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEAPING FROM THE WING-TIPS OF VICKERS "VIMY" MACHINES.

During the great Royal Air Force Display at Hendon on July 2, there was one unexpected item that aroused very particular interest. It had not been printed on the programme, for the simple reason that it is never possible to guarantee the fulfilment of the manoeuvre; but it was announced at the last moment on the loud-speakers. Three Vickers "Vimy" machines from the Henlow Parachute

School flew over the aerodrome, each with two airmen standing on its bottom wing—one to port and the other to starboard. These were the parachutists, and they were on platforms and holding on to the struts. At a signal, each of the six pulled the ring which opened his parachute, and made the descent to earth: this from a height of some 800 feet.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WONDER that no historian has written a great historical monograph bearing some such title as "The New City," or, perhaps, "The Second City," or, more specifically, "The City of the King." Perhaps none of the titles fully explains what should be explained in the book. It would describe a certain action, which differed with differing conditions, but occurred again and again all over the world, or at any rate all over Europe. Briefly, it may be called moving from the old capital to the new capital. The old capital was naturally the seat of tradition, and generally of religion. The new capital was naturally the seat of fashion, because it was generally the seat of royalty. A sort of ancient archetypal form of it exists at the very back or beginning of the whole history of Christendom: in that great exodus of the Roman Emperor from Rome; the passage of Constantine to Constantinople.

The impression first struck me as I stood among the baroque buildings and classical squares of Warsaw. But I remembered that I had something of the same impression and memory standing in the streets of Madrid. Warsaw and Madrid, at the two opposite ends of civilised Europe, both illustrate this curious passage in the history of our civilisation. Both are practically products of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Both are practically products of that "kingcraft," or sense of the supreme importance of the secular prince, which marked the time after the religious schism and the failure of the religious wars. The princes had so little link with their own past, and sometimes so much confidence in their own future, that they left behind them the sacred cities of the dead kings and the dead saints and heroes, as if they were nothing but cities of the dead. They began to build new cities of their own for purely political or financial reasons, full of the rationalism of the Renaissance. These towns that were meant to be novelties are now necessarily much less interesting as antiquities. There is at least one Polish city much more national than the capital of Poland. There are several cities much more Spanish than the capital of Spain.

French history exhibits a sort of extreme case of this process. It was impossible to dethrone Paris, even by taking the throne away from under it, so to speak. But the eighteenth-century King did try the trick of taking the throne away; though he did not take it very far. He set it up in Versailles; and something in the proximity and the contrast exhibits more vividly than elsewhere the ultimate futility of the affair.

Paris was far too powerful as the ancient popular and religious capital which had once at the command of the populace shut its gates against the King until he had returned to the religion. The populace continued to count even when the religion had turned to irreligion; it was still, so to speak, a sort of religion of irreligion. The French King went to his new town late, and he left it early. We might even say that he left it abruptly. We might confidently say that, when he had left it, there was nothing left.

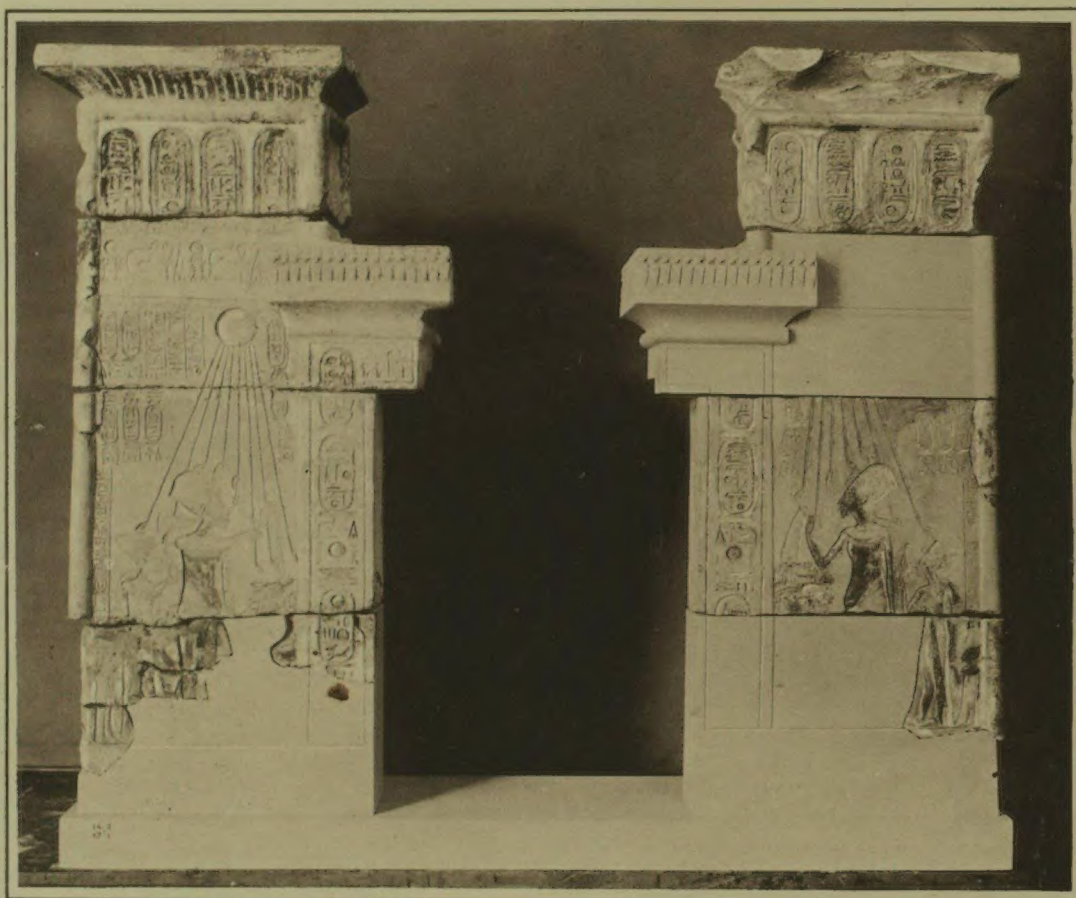
The French Revolution has always been regarded as an innovation; but it is worth noting that, if it was the triumph of the new faction, it was also the triumph of the old town. While the last Court was being held amid the latest and most florid classical ornaments of the Age of Reason, the tocsins of revolution were being rung from old Gothic towers and the rebels were assuming, with deeper irony than they knew, the names of old fraternities of monks and friars. It is worth noting, I say, because what happened in the French Revolution has also happened in the more extreme example of the Russian Revolution. Even where the religion turns to irreligion, even where the irreligion sometimes turns to a sort of religion of devil-worship, the most ancient shrine and citadel in some mysterious manner retains and even recovers its power. Even for the desecrators of

that further resurrections may take place, and that cities left for dead may begin once more to live even a modern life. In the case of Poland, of course, the more traditional and even mystical site is the town of Cracow. It has always been, and still is, of very great national and international importance as a University town. But it is also the original royal capital, and the seat of the kings at the moment when Polish kingship had perhaps its highest influence in Europe. There still clings to it something of the quality that belonged to a city of palaces as well as a city of colleges or chapels. Warsaw has become the modern capital of a republic; but there still lies upon Cracow the shadow of a crown.

But what gives to Cracow a sort of sharp outline of spires and turrets against the background of history

is the fact that it is a seat of culture on the edge of the uncultivated wilds. The city, like the nation, is a sort of outpost, and the contrast is of the sort that belongs to capes and islands and the edges of things. That balance of the mind that we call philosophy is here balanced on the edge of an abyss. That great gift of civilisation which we call learning, and that greater gift of civilisation which is the art of carrying learning lightly, is here poised only with a sort of perilous grace. The Germans, who do not carry learning lightly, and the wild Slavs, who do not carry it at all, press upon that more slender and subtle experiment with the weight of less living things. In Cracow can be seen all those crafts and schools of art with which we are familiar in the Western culture in the free cities of Flanders or the cathedrals of Normandy. But we see them there thrust up against a vast and vague hostility which is something altogether alien to us and different from the internal quarrels of Flemish burghers or Norman knights. For centuries the Tartars rolled around these towers a torrent of Asiatic barbarism. There is little change in the position to-day; except that

the barbarism is called Bolshevism. Sections of the city wall are still shown which were guarded by the guilds, each lining its part of the wall; first the tanners, and then the shoemakers, and then the glaziers, and so on round the whole circle. Guilds of that type existed all over Europe; but when they went out to battle, it was commonly against other guilds or against the feudal nobility, as in the flaming victory of Courtrai. But here in Cracow the guildsman standing on that wall looked out across a wilderness that faded away into the formless East, where strange gods were worshipped under strange skies. Out of that mystery of the sunrise strange horsemen came riding from the legendary country of Cathay; and he felt himself to be in the ends of the earth. And from the tower of the city a trumpet is still blown every hour to the four winds of heaven, as if uttering the defiance of civilisation besieged. Only the trumpet peal breaks on the last note, to commemorate a mediæval trumpeter slain by a Tartar arrow. And so odd and moving is the break that a man listening to-day can fancy that he hears not only the trumpet, but the bolt of the barbarian singing by.



THE NEW DISCOVERIES AT TELL EL-AMARNA, THE CITY DEDICATED TO THE SUN DISC: THE TOP PART OF AN ALTAR OF PAINTED LIMESTONE; SHOWING AKHENATEN WITH HIS QUEEN, NEFERTITI, AND THEIR ELDEST DAUGHTER, MERITATEN, OFFERING TO THE SUN DISC.

Reproduction by Courtesy of the Egypt Exploration Society. (See other Illustrations on the facing Page.)

all shrines, it acts as a shrine. Popular instincts return to it, even when worse or wilder instincts are let loose. The artificial creation of the last few centuries vanishes like Versailles in the conflagration. We no longer talk of St. Petersburg; we no longer talk very much even of Petrograd. The city of Peter the Great has lost its greatness; and once again, after many centuries, when we talk of Muscovy, we talk of Moscow. Moscow is again, as the Russian poet said, the heart of Russia; even if the heart is broken.

These extremes are not felt in cases like that of Madrid or that of Warsaw; because the process was more natural and gradual and the nation more united. But, even in the milder cases, I should never be surprised to find that at some time in the future there was a return to the older civic centres. Now that Moscow has fallen to the Bolsheviks, as Constantinople fell to the Moslems, we might almost say of its fate, considered as a Christian capital, that both those imperial experiments have ended. We might almost say, in some mythical sense, that Byzantium may yet go back to Rome. In the rising fortunes of countries like Spain and Poland, it is quite possible

THE CITY DEDICATED TO THE SUN DISC: NEW TELL EL-AMARNA "FINDS."

REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF THE EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY.



A PORTRAIT-HEAD OF THE WIFE, OR THE SISTER-IN-LAW, OF TUTANKHAMEN: ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF AKHENATEN (IN RED QUARTZITE).



A BED-ROOM IN A PRIVATE HOUSE: AN APARTMENT WITH A DAIS, AND WITH FOUR LIMESTONE CONES TO PREVENT WHITE ANTS ATTACKING THE BED AND THE LEGS OF THE BED FROM SINKING INTO THE BRICKS.



LOOKING INTO THE BATH-ROOM OF A PRIVATE HOUSE: SHOWING A LIMESTONE SHOWER-BATH FITTED WITH A LIMESTONE OUTFLOW AND SINK.



SECRETLY WORSHIPPED BY SUBJECTS OF AKHENATEN: THE HIPPOPOTAMUS GODDESS, TAURT, WHO WAS BELIEVED TO ASSIST IN CHILD-BIRTH (A POTTERY FIGURE).



THE POTTERY PLAYTHING OF AN INFANT OF THE EGYPT OF THE 14TH CENTURY B.C.: A BABY'S RATTLE ORNAMENTED WITH A GAZELLE'S HEAD.

During its fourth season at Tell el-Amarna, the Egypt Exploration Society made further important discoveries, under the direction of Dr. H. Frankfort. Tell el-Amarna, it will be recalled, is the modern name of the site where Akhenaten (Amenophis IV.), the heretic Pharaoh, founded a new city in about the year 1360 B.C., and dedicated it to the Sun Disc, the Aten, which he had proclaimed the sole and only God in his remarkable attempt to found a universal and monotheistic religion. Both public buildings and private houses were excavated. The most important "find" in the first category is a Hall where Akhenaten dedicated to his God the tribute received from the peoples of Asia and Nubia; while the

discoveries in the town houses throw a strong light on the conditions of life in the fourteenth century B.C. With regard to our photograph of the bed-room, the extra thickness of the walls round the bed should be noted. These kept the place cool in the daytime and warm at night. The pottery figure of the Hippopotamus Goddess was found in a private house. The photograph of the bath-room is a view of that room through the little corridor which separates the private rooms from the reception rooms. The Egypt Exploration Society has an exhibition of antiquities, plans, drawings, and so on, the result of the season's work at Tell el-Amarna, on view in their rooms at 13, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LEOPARD MOTH, OR, "THE GOURD THAT WITHERED."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

A SMALL patch of ground is mine, not much bigger than a very large dining-table, which I call my garden. Nevertheless, it is a very precious patch. Along one side runs a row of trees—one or two willows, two or three almonds, a laburnum, and a pink hawthorn. By this last I set great store. Its rich red flowers formed an annual joy, contrasting as they did with the glorious yellow trusses of its

and during his labours he may, and almost certainly will, find other factors.

In general appearance the adult insect is not of very striking aspect. The male (Fig. 1), which is markedly smaller than the female (Fig. 2), measures about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in length. The coloration is white, spotted with blue-black spots, and in this both sexes agree. But they differ in one striking particular

vital importance, has to be intermittent, and so the stimulus of hunger is necessary to arouse desire for food before the vitality falls too low to allow of feeding to take place. But there are many insects which never taste food during adult life, which is necessarily short—just long enough, indeed, to allow reproduction to take place. As soon as the eggs are all laid, death inevitably follows.

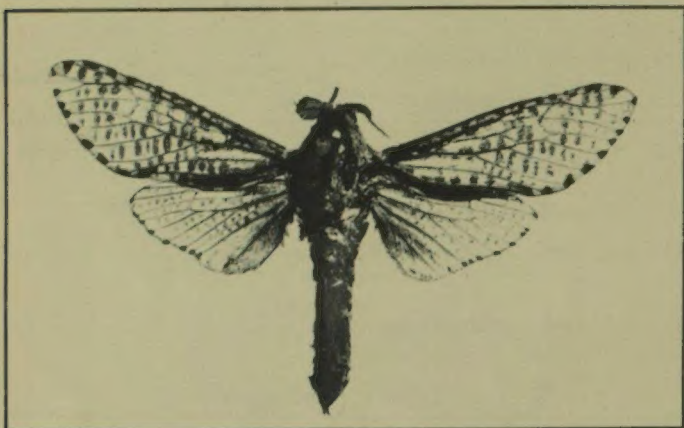


FIG. 1.—THE MALE LEOPARD MOTH: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE BROAD FRINGE AT THE BASE OF THE ANTENNÆ.

The male leopard moth has very remarkable antennæ, the basal half bearing a broad fringe, or "pecten," while the terminal half is thread-like, as shown in this photograph.

neighbour the laburnum. Yet, somehow, this year it seemed to be less decidedly bedecked than last year. For lack of a better reason, I put down the lessened splendour to the lack of sunshine from which we have all suffered this year. But I was destined to discover the true cause a few days ago with startling suddenness, for, when morning dawned after a night of heavy wind, my poor tree lay prone, snapped in half!

A very cursory examination at the seat of fracture revealed the cause of the disaster. Great tunnels (Fig. 4) had been driven down its stem by a larva of the leopard moth. I doubt whether, even had there been no storm, the poor little tree would have survived; for the larva was by no means full grown. It would have gone on eating away at the heart-wood for at least another year. In the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3) this most unwelcome tenant can be seen lying within its burrow. Its colour was of a pale yellow, relieved by small spots of black, while the head and the last segment of the body were glistening black. It was difficult, indeed, to make sure at first which was the head and which the tail. At each end of the burrow was a mass of dry, granular material, known as "frass," representing the excrement. How it dislodges this as it eats its way down the stem, at the same time lengthening the burrow, I cannot make out. Since there were one or two side tunnels, it may be that the longer tube was being used as a sort of *cloaca*, while the food was obtained by borings outside the original tunnel.

The annoyance which this little marauder has caused me has been somewhat mollified by the interest I find in contemplating its life-history. Furthermore, I reflect that it is not everyone who can have his trees cut down by the leopard moth! And this because this insect is by no means common, save in the London district. Here, to begin with, is a problem well worth considering. Why is its range, so far as this country is concerned, so restricted? One tree is very like another, no matter where it is growing. Is the dominating factor in this distribution climatic? It occurs in the south and east of England, and through the north-west counties to Cheshire, which apparently is its northern limit. Abroad its range extends to Korea and Japan. It now remains for some enterprising entomologist to correlate this distribution with climatic conditions,

in regard to the antennæ; for in the male the basal half is curiously pectinated, while in the female they are thread-like throughout. But the female differs in yet another respect, for from the end of the body she can produce a long spike. This is the ovipositor, so necessary to moths which have to lay their eggs in the woody tissue of trees. It acts as a lance to pierce a hole for the lodgment of the egg. When this hatches, the larva, or caterpillar, eats its way inwards, to the great hurt, at any rate, of small trees.

The leopard moth, being a night-flier, is greatly attracted by light, and may often be taken at the electric lights borne by roadside lamp-posts in London.

Strangely enough, it will also come to the lure of sugar temptingly spread by the entomologist. That this should be so is indeed strange, for, since the proboscis is reduced to the merest vestige,



FIG. 2.—THE FEMALE LEOPARD MOTH: A LARGER MOTH THAN THE MALE, HAVING THREAD-LIKE ANTENNÆ WITHOUT A FRINGE.

The female is much larger than the male, and her antennæ are entirely thread-like. The tongue, as in the male, is reduced to a mere vestige, no feeding being possible during adult life.

The leopard moth has a near relative in the giant goat moth. This is a much handsomer insect, and has a much wider distribution, since it is found in all parts of the British Islands except the extreme north of Scotland and the Hebrides, while abroad it extends to Amurland and north-west Africa. It is seen with us during June and July, resting by day on tree-trunks or gate-posts. Like the leopard moth, it, too, is tongueless, and nevertheless will accept an invitation to a feast, in the form of a mixture of ale, molasses, and rum, even though it cannot participate! Perhaps it likes the goodly smell! The collector's invitation, in effect, is worded, not "Drink to me only with thine eyes," but "with thine antennæ," since in these resides the sense of smell which is all they can get for their trouble!

The moth takes its name from the pungent smell, as of a male goat, which scents the air in the neighbourhood of the tree in which it lies ensconced. It feeds upon the wood of elm, ash, and willow, and takes about three or four years to complete its growth. For some unexplained reason it will then sometimes emerge from its dark burrow and descend to the ground, seeking a suitable spot in which to bury itself for the winter, which is passed as a chrysalis. It may occasionally be found thus wandering, and if taken and placed in a roomy box, with plenty of sawdust or decayed wood, it will speedily spin a cocoon and appear in due course in its final form, a large moth richly coloured with various shades of brown and grey, a highly protectively-coloured garb requiring sharp eyes for its detection.

The damage done to trees by this insect is sometimes considerable, since it is more numerous than the leopard moth, and the caterpillar is much larger, and takes a longer time to come to maturity. The precise relationship of these two insects to the rest of the moths is still a matter of debate among entomologists. The goat moth, at any rate, in spite of its huge size, is believed by some authorities to be nearly related to the tiny little moths known as the Tortricidæ, a family closely related to that which includes the clothes-moth. Size counts for very little among entomologists, who have to be guided by structural characters, among which the "neurulation" of the wings plays an important part. But this matter of classification must be left for another occasion.

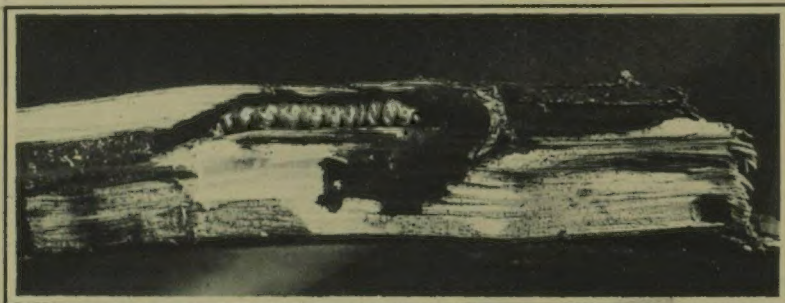


FIG. 3.—THE LARVA OF A LEOPARD MOTH INSIDE ITS BURROW IN A HAWTHORN TRUNK: THE CAUSE OF THE TREE'S COLLAPSE.

The caterpillar of the leopard moth has little "head-room" when lying within its burrow. Below the head is an extensive cavern traversing almost the whole width of the stem. About three years are spent within these galleries. A plug of "frass" is seen on the left (as also in Fig. 4).

it cannot partake of the feast! Perchance no more than a vestige of the faculty for hunger remains, so that it gathers to the festive board without quite knowing why!



FIG. 4.—IMMEDIATELY UNDER THE BARK, BUT INVISIBLE FROM OUTSIDE: ANOTHER PART OF THE TUNNEL BORED BY THE LEOPARD MOTH LARVA. In another portion of the trunk of the tree damaged by this caterpillar, it will be noticed that the tunnel is immediately under the bark, yet no sign of this injury is visible from without. A plug of "frass" is seen to the left (as also in Fig. 3).

In Nature, functions like the heart-beat, or breathing, which can and must go on automatically so long as life lasts, need no stimulus to ensure their performance. Feeding, which is of

THE GREAT FLIGHT THAT ENDED IN THE SEA: THE DRAMATIC BYRD ADVENTURE.



PHOTOGRAPHED SOON AFTER THEIR DESCENT INTO THE SEA AT VER-SUR-MER: THE CREW OF THE "AMERICA"—LIEUT. NOVILLE, COMMDR. RICHARD BYRD, MR. BERT ACOSTA, AND LIEUT. BALCHEN (L. TO R.)



NO LONGER THE WORN-OUT AND BEDRAGGLED AIRMEN WHO SAVED THEMSELVES FROM THE SEA! THE CREW OF THE "AMERICA" LEAVING THE ELYSÉE AFTER HAVING BEEN RECEIVED BY PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE.



AFTER THE CREW OF THE "AMERICA," HAVING LOST THEIR WAY, HAD BROUGHT THEIR MACHINE DOWN INTO THE SEA RATHER THAN RUN THE RISK OF A LANDING ON UNKNOWN GROUND: THE DAMAGED "AMERICA" IN THE WATER AT VER-SUR-MER.



TESTING ONE OF THE RUBBER CRAFT THAT SAVED THEM: THE "AMERICA'S" NO. 1 LIFE-BOAT DURING A TEST (COMMDR. BYRD IN THE CENTRE; LIEUT. NOVILLE ON THE LEFT).



ASCERTAINING THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE "LANDING" AND THE EXPOSURE TO THE WAVES: EXAMINING THE ENGINES OF THE "AMERICA" AT LOW TIDE AT VER-SUR-MER.

At dawn on June 29, Commander Richard Byrd, U.S.N., left Roosevelt Field, New York, in a Fokker monoplane with three 200-h.p. Wright "Whirlwind" engines, for a Transatlantic flight, intending to reach Paris, and, it was understood, make a return flight to New York. He was accompanied by Mr. Bert Acosta; Lieut. Noville, late U.S.N.; and Lieut. Balchen, late Royal Swedish Navy. Considerable anxiety was felt for a time as to the outcome of the enterprise. Then, on July 1, it was announced that the aeroplane, which had lost its way owing to a compass mishap and bad weather, had been brought down voluntarily into the sea some 200 yards from the shore near the village of Ver-sur-Mer, Calvados,

France, on that day, the pilot deciding that, as he had to come down, it was safer to land in the sea rather than on unknown ground. The airmen swam, and paddled ashore with the aid of their rubber life-boats; whilst their machine, the "America," filled and partially sank. The men had been flying for over forty hours and Commander Byrd believes that he must have been near Paris at least twice in the five hours of his wanderings in the air. Wireless was of the greatest value during the adventure. When Commander Byrd was received by President Doumergue he presented him with a small American flag containing a fragment of the first United States flag of 1774.

THE DOMINION THAT IS KEEPING ITS

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1-5, 6, AND 8-11 BY THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE, REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION AERIAL SURVEYS COMPANY (OF CANADA).



1. VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA: "THE METROPOLIS OF THE PACIFIC COAST," AND THE PACIFIC TERMINUS OF THE TWO MAJOR RAILWAY SYSTEMS OF CANADA.



2. VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA: THE CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE, FOUNDED IN 1842, AND "PERHAPS THE MOST ENGLISH TOWN OUTSIDE OF ENGLAND."

DIAMOND JUBILEE: AIR-VIEWS OF CANADA.

OF THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE, AIR SERVICE. NOS. 4 AND 5 BY THE FAIRCHILD NO. 7 BY HAMILTON MAXWELL INC.



3. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA: THE MAGNIFICENT HARBOUR, COMMANDING THE NORTH ATLANTIC TRADE ROUTES, AND AN IMPORTANT NAVAL BASE.



4. QUEBEC: THE UPPER CITY, WITH THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC AND DUFFERIN TERRACE (CENTRE AND L. FOREGROUND), THE CITADEL, AND THE GRANDE ALLEE (R.).



5. OTTAWA: THE CAPITAL OF CANADA—SHOWING THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT (BUILT TO REPLACE THOSE BURNED DOWN IN 1916) WITH THEIR GREAT CENTRAL SPIRE, VICTORY TOWER.



6. WINNIPEG: THE CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA AND "THE GRAIN MARKET OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE," SHOWING (IN CENTRE) THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS ON THE BANKS OF THE ASSINIBOINE.



7. TORONTO: THE CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, "THE SECOND CITY IN CANADA," AND THE SEAT OF THE LARGEST CANADIAN UNIVERSITY.



8. CALGARY: THE PRINCIPAL CITY OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA, THE CENTRE OF A GREAT RANCHING AND FARMING DISTRICT IN THE PROVINCE WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS HIS RANCH.



9. MONTREAL: THE WATERFRONT OF CANADA'S LARGEST CITY, SITUATED AT THE HEAD OF OCEAN NAVIGATION IN THE ST. LAWRENCE, AND "A NATURAL GATEWAY FOR THE COMMERCE OF THE CONTINENT."



10. MONTREAL, IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC: THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL CITY OF CANADA, AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST CENTRE OF WHEAT EXPORT—A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING MOUNT ROYAL.



11. EDMONTON, NOW THE CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA, AND ONLY A GENERATION AGO A MERE VILLAGE AND TRADING POST: A VIEW SHOWING THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

On July 1 Canada began the celebration of her Diamond Jubilee as a united Dominion. The British North America Act, passed in 1867, gave effect to the union of the two provinces of old Canada (Ontario and Quebec) with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and thus laid the foundation of the vaster Dominion of to-day. Most of the photographs above were taken during a great air survey of Canada, described by the Secretary of the Royal Canadian Air Force (J. A. Wilson) in the "National Geographic Magazine," of Washington. Of Ottawa, the capital, he says: "Queen Victoria was well advised when she named Bytown, as it was then called (after Colonel By, commanding the Royal Engineers), the seat of government, after confederation in 1867. Few capitals have a finer location. The Houses of Parliament and surrounding Government offices are built on a high bluff on the south bank of the Ottawa River, just below the Chaudière Falls." Regarding the other cities, he writes, in the course of his article: "Montreal is a natural gateway for the commerce of the continent

and the world's greatest wheat export centre. . . . As we near Quebec, the river narrows. No city of the New World has a more romantic history than the old French capital, nestling below the cliffs of the Citadel and the Plains of Abraham, where was finally decided, in 1759, the great struggle between France and England for supremacy in the New World. . . . Halifax was founded in 1749 by British emigrants, and since then it has been a naval base of great strategic importance. . . . Winnipeg is the grain market of the British Empire, due to its 'bottle-neck' position on the confines of Canada's 200-mile-long prairie farm. . . . Edmonton . . . is to-day a fine city of some 70,000 people. . . . Vancouver, the metropolis of the Pacific coast, is a thriving city still in the making. A generation ago tall pines grew where it stands. . . . Calgary, the principal city of southern Alberta, is a busy town of 63,000 inhabitants, the centre of a ranching and farming district. . . . Toronto, the second city in Canada, is a worthy capital of a great province."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ART, we know, is long, but art criticism is longer—I use the phrase to include not only criticism of particular artists, but the ebb and flow of theory as to the principles and purpose of art. This week's books touch the subject at various points, on any one of which I could fill my space with discussion, but I must severely repress any inclination to emulate those mystical Germans who preached from ten till four.

I will take first a few collections of essays or personal reminiscences concerned with many matters, and alluding to art incidentally. Some element of preaching is suggested in the title of "LAY SERMONS." By Margot Asquith, the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. With Portrait by Edmund Dulac (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.). Lady Oxford herself has some qualms about the word "sermon," but I do not think she need fear that it will prejudice her readers, for no one could suspect her of a pulpit manner. It is her name on the title-page, not the title, that counts.

Needless to say, her "sermons" will send no one to sleep. They abound in wit, humour, anecdote, and personal comment, and her texts are subjects of universal appeal such as carelessness, health, taste, fashion, human nature, fame, politics, opportunities, character, and marriage. I read the book at a sitting, and thoroughly enjoyed it; finding in it, moreover, qualities that I had scarcely expected. I confess to having anticipated a certain hard brilliance, perhaps a touch of worldly cynicism; what I found, besides shrewd commonsense, was sympathy, kindness, good feeling—in brief, to use a phrase of her own, "a woman of heart."

The fact that one chapter was insufficient for her discourse on taste indicates that she has much to say on artistic matters. "What I personally find provoking in modern Art," she says, "is that it is too clever, and lays an insistent emphasis on what is distorted and ugly." And again: "Fear amounting to terror of any form of prettiness which can be confounded with photography is what makes the taste of the day, both in music, sculpture, and painting, lean so heavily on ugliness." She dismisses the photographic with scorn, but at the same time her praise for the modernist is somewhat damningly faint.

There is not much abstract criticism of art, but a good deal of concrete criticism of artists—some of it flattering, and some of it the reverse—in "PRACTICALLY TRUE." By Ernest Thesiger (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). Naturally, the author's theatrical experiences bulk largest in this very readable book, and his personality, combined with his success on the stage and his social position, have enabled him to know everybody worth knowing—among them, Lady Oxford. Before he became an actor, however, he studied art at the Slade, and afterwards for a time took up music. "In those days," he writes, "my god among painters—and I don't think I have wavered in my allegiance since—was John Sargent. . . . The first drawing that he did of me was not particularly successful, and, realising that, he destroyed it. The second was brilliant, but, as usual, Sargent was modest about it. "It is a poor thing, but your own," he wrote, and flatly refused any payment for it. Sargent's modesty was one of his strongest characteristics. . . . On the whole, I think painters are more companionable people than most artists. Writers are disappointing to meet, if you admire their work; actors invariably talk shop; musicians haven't much to talk about except music; but painters have to mix with people, or, if they are not portrait-painters, they are usually travellers."

An example of Mr. Thesiger's thesis is to be found in a memoir of a Victorian painter—"ART AND ANECDOTE." Recollections of William Frederick Yeames, R.A., his Life and his Friends. By M. H. Stephen Smith. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Yeames, who became noted as a painter of "subject pictures," such as "Le Roi s'Amuse" and "Amy Robsart" (now in the Tate), was born in Russia, where his father was a British Consul, in 1835. He travelled much about the Continent, and the story of his life is fruitful in anecdote and experience. It makes very entertaining reading. The artistic faith of his day is expressed in a lecture (reprinted in the book) which he delivered in 1896 to the students of the Academy after his appointment as its librarian. "The genuine artists," he concluded, "have this in common underlying all their work—the determination to arrive at truth."

It is curious what links of association occur between books of widely different type. One of Mr. Thesiger's friends at the Slade was George Sheringham (afterwards inventor of "the Sheringham light"), whom he remembers as a very young student in wide Eton collars. Mr. Sheringham (whose taste in collars, I doubt not, has changed)

reappears as the writer of an able chapter on Mural Decoration—a subject made topical by the new panels in St. Stephen's Hall—in a volume of "REPORTS ON THE PRESENT POSITION AND TENDENCIES OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS, AS INDICATED AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MODERN DECORATIVE AND INDUSTRIAL ARTS, PARIS, 1925." With an Introductory Survey (Department of Oversea Trade; 7s. 6d.). This large and important book, the combined effort of many experts, beautifully and abundantly illustrated, and absurdly cheap, is one of the finest productions yet issued from H.M. Stationery Office. It is not the official report on the British section, but aims at describing the exhibition as a whole for the general reader. Mr. Sheringham calls this exhibition "one of the events of modern art history."

Other writers in the Report discuss architecture, furniture, textiles, metal-work, pottery, glass, book-production, posters, gardens, and the art of the theatre. The chapter on furniture is contributed by Mr. H. P. Shapland, A.R.I.B.A., who has just issued a new work of his own, "THE PRACTICAL DECORATION OF FURNITURE." Vol. III. Applied Metalwork, Covering with Leather and Textiles,

Mr. Allen's book teems

with diagrams and alluring photographs that tempt me to go out and buy or build a house forthwith. Two of his "addressees" respond in "PLANNING A HOME." By A Layman and his Wife. Illustrated with thirteen specimen plans (Arrowsmith; 5s.). This sensible little book deals not with "the seats of the mighty," but with the middle class lair in which "the British lion rears his young."

An architectural metaphor in the preface builds a bridge of transition to "MUSIC: CLASSICAL, ROMANTIC AND MODERN." By Eaglefield Hull, Mus.Doc. (Oxon). With Portraits and Musical Excerpts (Dent; 10s. 6d.), an attractive volume in Dent's International Library of Books on Music, designed for "the intelligent listener," and edited by the author. "This book," he writes, "I have made for my own pleasure; I have taken stones for my walls, and tiles for my floors, wherever good material came to hand." Dr. Hull describes his work as "a bird's-eye view," or a "survey of modern European music," and he scans a vast extent of ground, critical, technical, and biographical. His book is an admirable running commentary which will stimulate immensely the music-lover's power of appreciation. "Art," he says, "is the greatest communal force in the world"; the art of music, not satisfied with the immense kingdom it has already won, "sweeps on to further conquests. . . . We are but on the margin of a still greater musical revelation."

There are personal links, by the way, between Dr. Hull's book and Mr. Thesiger's reminiscences. Among the latter's intimates in his musical period were Cyril Scott and Percy Grainger, "a most lovable creature, full of enthusiasm and strange Australian slang. . . . Instead of the usual *molto crescendo* Percy would put 'Louden lots'; and such expressions as 'Breathe when blown' or 'Louden hugely' enliven his MSS." Dr. Hull discusses both Scott and Grainger, and mentions the latter's "homely way of using golf and other sporting terms in place of the usual Italian directions." In a chapter on "Debussy and Impressionism," Dr. Hull traces analogous modern movements in music and painting.

Such analogies, however, are deprecated by the author of "THE MODERN MOVEMENT IN ART." By R. H. Wilenski. With thirty-two Illustrations (Faber and Gwyer; 12s. 6d.). "In this inquiry," he writes, "I am concerned with the developments in painting and sculpture. I am not concerned with the developments in music and poetry, and I shall avoid comparisons between those arts and the plastic arts, because such comparisons seem to me to be more often confusing than helpful." "The idea behind the modern movement in the arts," says Mr. Wilenski, "is a return to the architectural or classical idea." He divides his work into four parts—(1) indicating the main types of modern non-religious art; (2) "a bird's-eye view" of the degeneration of 19th century art, from a modernist standpoint; (3) an explanation of modernist technique, including Cubism and distortion; (4) a theory of the relative values of the forms of art classified in Part 1. He pours the vials of his contempt on "naturalistic" art in general and Sargent's deplorably life-like portraits in particular.

The book strikes me as a remarkably thorough, painstaking, and conscientious exposition of the theories underlying the art of modernist painters. It helps me enormously to understand their aims and methods, but it helps me more than ever to dislike their results. "By their fruits ye shall know them." I find myself aching to challenge the author's assumptions and conclusions at almost every turn; but, as that cannot be done in a paragraph, or even in a page, and there is no room here to write a

book, I refrain from further comment. One statement, however, I will quote merely to introduce two other books.

Mr. Wilenski speaks of "the camera's degrading influence on nineteenth-century technique," and declares that "the camera and the cinema have surpassed the artist in power to record the mechanical vision of his eyes." Probably the photographer would be the first to admit the limitations of photography, and the fact that there are many things it cannot do which are possible in naturalistic painting. The distinction between the two methods of representation is fully acknowledged in "THE ART AND SPORT OF ALPINE PHOTOGRAPHY." By Arthur Gardner, M.A., F.S.A. With 155 Photographs (Witherby; 21s.), and "FROM LANDSCAPE TO STUDIO." Photography as a means of Pictorial Expression. By Reginald Belfield. With thirty-eight Illustrations (Methuen; 12s. 6d.). These two delightful books contain, besides good reading, some of the best photographs that I have ever seen. But that does not mean that the camera has banished the brush.

C. E. B.



THE NEW LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION DRAWN BY HERSELF:
MISS HELEN WILLS.

The final of the Ladies' Singles lawn-tennis championship, played at Wimbledon on July 2, was won by Miss Helen N. Wills, of the United States, who beat Señorita E. de Alvarez, of Spain, 6-2, 6-4, after a most strenuous contest. Miss Wills, it may be added, is studying art with a view to making it her profession, and the self-portrait here given bears witness to her skill with crayon and brush. We reproduce it by the courtesy of the "Sketch," in which it is given this week in colours, and on a much larger scale. Miss Wills calls the portrait, "In the Mirror."

Drawn specially for the "Sketch" by Miss Helen Wills and Reproduced by Courtesy of that Paper.

Lacquering, and Miscellaneous Decoration (Benn; 12s. 6d.). This excellent book and its predecessors complete a series of great value to students, collectors, and designers, dealing exhaustively with methods used by craftsmen in making household furniture. There are forty-eight plates of exquisite illustrations.

It may be appropriate to mention here two useful books of kindred interest, not, indeed, concerned with furniture, but with receptacles for furniture, and with exterior rather than interior design and decoration. One is "THE SMALLER HOUSE OF TO-DAY." By Gordon Allen, F.R.I.B.A., Chartered Architect, late Royal Engineers (Batsford; 10s. 6d.). This is a highly practical book designed to teach "the average layman" the principles of house-building and assist him in the choice of a home; also to counteract the spoiling of villages and landscapes by ugly "villas." On this point it should please Lady Oxford, who laments that "horrible new buildings are erected every day on the outskirts of towns famous for their architecture."

OPERATING ON A "DRAGON":

IN the new Reptile House at the "Zoo," which has its own hospital and operating theatre, cases are apt to occur which might puzzle the ordinary veterinary surgeon. As noted in our last issue, for example, one of the giant lizards, or "dragons," as they are called, recently brought from the island of Komodo, in the East Indies, was found to have developed canker of the mouth,

[Continued opposite.]



THE "PATIENT": THE FISH-LIKE HEAD OF THE KOMODO "DRAGON" LIZARD, SHOWING THE GRANULATED "CHECK" PATTERN OF THE HIDE.

A GIANT LIZARD AS PATIENT.

[Continued.]

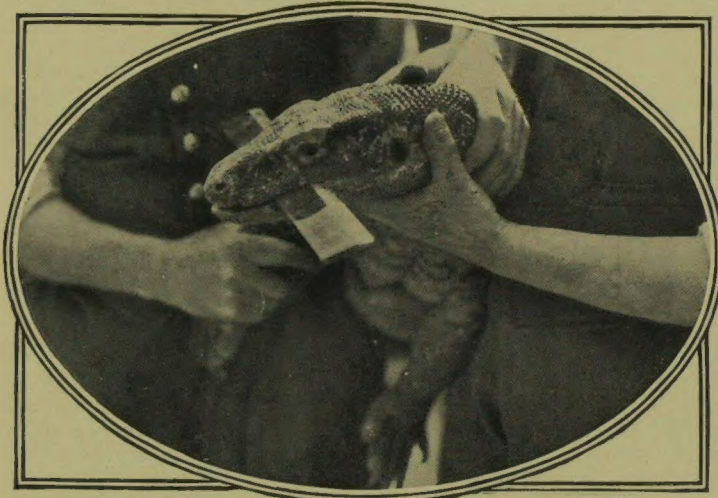
as well as a sore tail. Now these "dragons," which are some eight feet long or more, are creatures of enormous strength, with formidable teeth and claws, not to mention the powerful tail. It took six men to carry the patient from the hospital to the operating theatre, and to hold it while the gag was placed in its mouth and the necessary treatment applied.



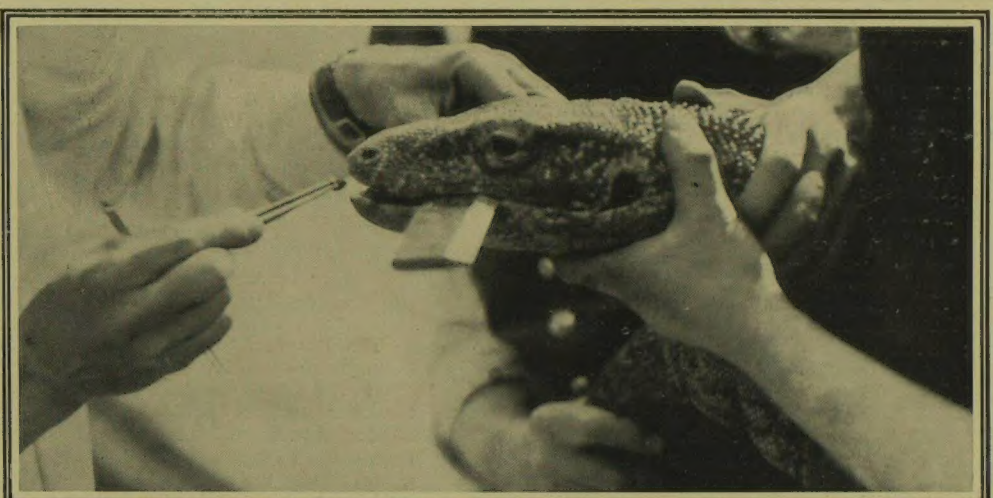
HOW THE FORE-PART OF THE SICK REPTILE WAS HELD: A VIEW SHOWING THE DANGEROUS CLAW, ALMOST AS BIG AS A KEEPER'S HAND.



GAGGING THE LIZARD WITH A STRIP OF WOOD, SO THAT ITS MOUTH MIGHT BE KEPT SLIGHTLY OPEN: A PRELIMINARY TO THE OPERATION.



GAGGED AND READY FOR THE DOCTOR'S ATTENTION: THE LIZARD WITH THE STRIP OF WOOD HELD IN POSITION BY THE INCURVED TEETH.

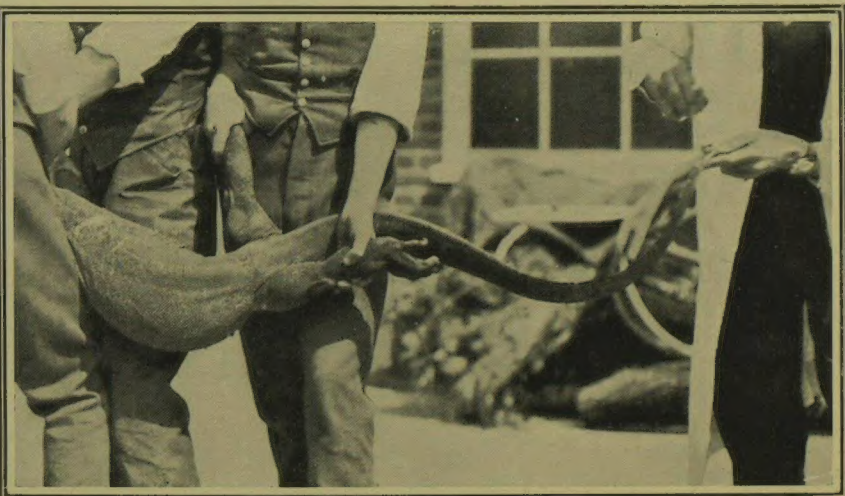


THE OPERATION BEGINS: THE DOCTOR HOLDING THE WOODEN GAG IN PLACE WHILE APPLYING A SWAB TO THE REPTILE'S MOUTH.



ATTENDING TO THE "DRAGON'S" TEETH: AN OPERATION RATHER FOREIGN TO THE EXPERIENCE OF THE AVERAGE DENTIST.

In our last issue (for July 2), on the front page, we gave a drawing of the sick "dragon," held down by six men on the operating table in the new Reptile House at the "Zoo," while his sore mouth was treated by Miss Joan Procter, the Curator of Reptiles. As there noted, these operations had to be repeated daily for a



APPLYING TREATMENT TO THE TAIL: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW THE REPTILE'S BODY AND THE HIND-LEGS WERE HELD DURING THE OPERATION.

considerable time. In the above photographs we illustrate various phases of the treatment on a similar occasion. They are of special interest as showing how the various parts of the powerful creature were held by the keepers while the doctor operated on the mouth and then the tail.

A GREAT DISCOVERY THAT MAY DATE JOSHUA AND THE EXODUS.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF HAZOR, THE FAMOUS CANAANITE STRONGHOLD WHICH JOSHUA BURNED.

By Prof. JOHN GARSTANG, F.S.A., Director of the Department of Antiquities in Palestine; Professor of Archaeology in the University of Liverpool.

In this article, Professor J. Garstang describes an ancient fortified camp, of great strength, which he discovered last December near Lake Huleh, in Northern Palestine. He shows reason for identifying it with Hazor, and illustrates the importance of the result for Bible history.

THE discovery in Northern Palestine of an ancient fortified camp, large enough to contain a permanent garrison of 40,000 or 50,000 men, is in itself of special interest. When, further, it is found that this "camp"

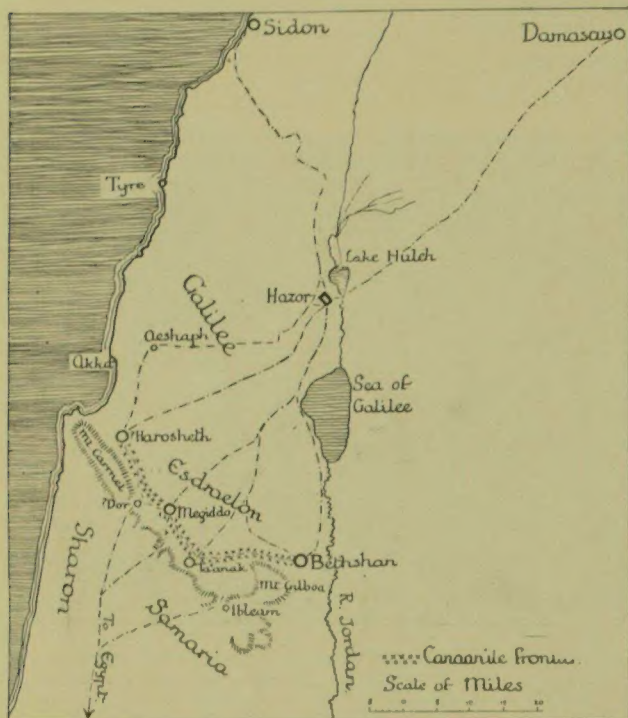
enclosed the whole area. This rampart is still preserved to a height of 5 to 10 metres all along the south-west side and around the western corner; after which it now gradually disappears as it nears the eastern side, where erosion and cultivation have been most active. Its state of preservation on the west, in spite of the semi-tropical rains of some thirty centuries, is, in fact, surprising, and it gives an indication of the strength and deliberation with which it was constructed. Nowhere on the south-west side is the total height of scarp and rampart less than 40 metres (130 ft.). Near the western corner, the deep rain-courses have been connected by an artificial ditch which has been cut around the foot of the slope, and completes the natural "fosse." This feature is so conspicuous that it is called "the ditch" in Arabic by the local people to-day.

Other permanent works may still be seen. The corners are rounded off, and in the northern angle a stout revetment of megalithic stonework almost suggests a bastion or external tower. This leads to a narrow ledge which may be traced all around, about halfway down the slope, suggesting an original fighting parapet for active defence of the enclosure. Doubtless many other features could be disclosed by excavation. Most conspicuous of all is the great continuous mound which forms the south-east boundary of the enclosure. This was doubtless the "acropolis," or that portion of the camp which was more permanently and more intensively occupied, in which larger buildings containing stone contributed by their decay to raise the accumulation of debris; so that it gradually rose high above the general level of the ramparts and the main enclosure. On the outer side it still forms a continuous barrier which rises steeply to the imposing height of 55 metres (185 ft.) above the rough watercourse that runs along its foot.

Within the enclosure the debris of one or two buildings and fragments of basaltic columns are all the visible traces of habitation. A deep reservoir at the foot of the acropolis is another conspicuous feature, but its date in relation to the camp as a whole is not clear from the superficial indications. In spite of the meagreness of detail, evidence is not wanting as to the period when the site was occupied. This consists of countless potsherds strewn all over the area so thickly that in many places it is hardly possible to avoid walking on them. They pertain almost exclusively to the Bronze Age, which covers the rise and development of the Canaanite civilisation, and terminated about 1200 B.C.

The Bronze Age is conveniently divided into three phases—the Early, Middle, and Late. These are distinguished generally from one another by the characteristics of their pottery and other objects, but science has not yet fixed any definite chronological boundaries between them. The Early phase marks the beginning of civilisation and settlement, reflected in the Patriarchal immigrations, and it goes back to the dawn of history in the third millennium B.C. The second or intermediate phase is not so clear, but it covers the disturbed period of the Hyksos incursion into Egypt. The third or Late Bronze Age is culturally well defined; it may be assumed from certain indications to have arisen generally, but not uniformly in all areas, about 1600 B.C., and so to have

covered in round numbers the four centuries that preceded the rise of the Iron Age. A rough analysis of some hundreds of fragments encountered haphazard within the enclosure showed a slight preponderance of the Later Bronze Age, while the Middle and Early phases were well represented and nearly equal. Upon the acropolis primarily, and hardly at all within the main "camp," there were found a relatively small number of fragments characteristic of the Early Iron Age. The site would appear, then, on archaeological grounds, to have been occupied more or less continuously from the Early Bronze Age till some crisis in the Late Bronze Age (before 1200 B.C.), after which there was a fresh partial occupation mainly on the acropolis in the Early Iron Age—i.e., during some period later than 1200 B.C. This discussion and conclusion will be seen in

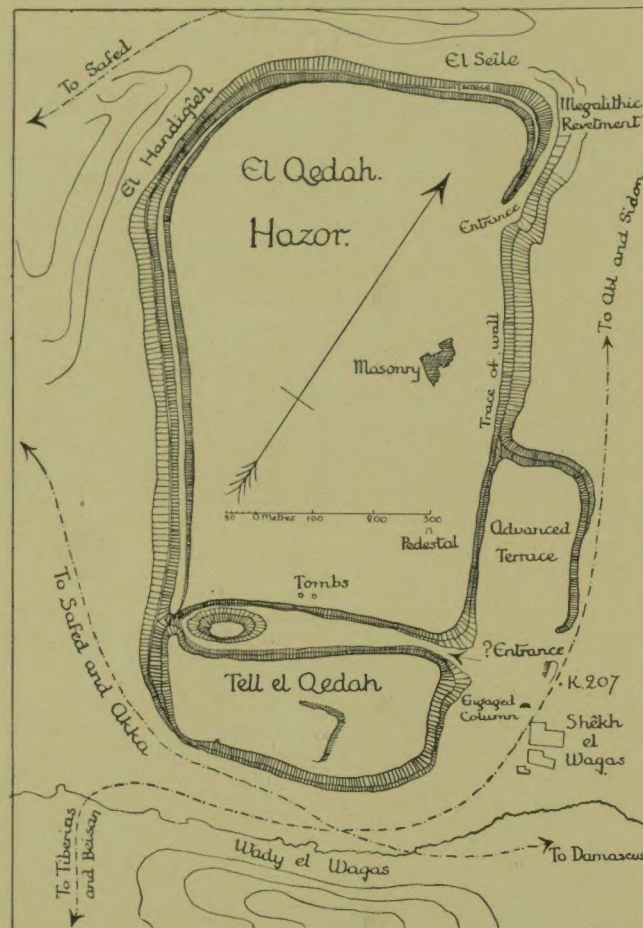


THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF HAZOR: A MAP OF NORTHERN PALESTINE, SHOWING ITS POSITION (NEAR LAKE HULEH) ON THE MAIN ROADS TO SIDON AND DAMASCUS AND SOUTHWARD TO BETHSHAN AND MEGIDDO

fulfils in character and situation all the indications of Hazor, the famous stronghold of the Canaanites in the age of Joshua, a new and welcome light of material evidence begins to illuminate some of the earliest and most fascinating pages of Bible history. The political and military situation, formerly obscure, becomes intelligible; and the background to the Biblical narrative becomes real. The importance of this discovery does not end there; so dominant was the strategic position of this fortress at the junction of the main roads into Palestine from Sidon and Damascus, and so strong were its defences, that it must have played a rôle in all those larger movements that attended the struggle for dominion in Syria between the old-world Powers, whether the passage of the Pharaoh's armies or the southward penetration of Syro-Hittite bands; while in local politics and wars it must have been a permanent factor that could never be neglected.

The camp, now called El Qedah, is found at the foot of the Galilean Hills in the Huleh basin, not quite four miles westward from the outlet of the Huleh Lake. The main part of the enclosure occupies a natural raised platform about 1000 metres in length and averaging some 400 metres across. The position was well chosen for defence. Deep watercourses already protected its two ends, while a shallower depression (also rain-scoured) ran nearly all along the south-west side. On the opposite side (the north-east), the outline is less regular, but the edge of the platform is well defined, and rises steeply some 30 metres (about 100 ft.) above the now cultivated plain below. About half-way along that side (coming from the north), the main platform gives way to a lower one, which reaches out eastward like an advanced terrace. The outline of this extension is broken somewhat by the modern road and settlement of El Waqas, but it also was naturally protected both by scarps and by the lower slopes of the ravine.

The main position, already strong, was further defended by a rampart of beaten earth along the brink, which probably



ONCE A FORTIFIED CAMP LARGE ENOUGH FOR 50,000 MEN. A PLAN OF THE SITE OF HAZOR, SHOWING THE RAMPARTS, THE POSITION OF INTERIOR BUILDINGS, AND MEGALITHIC STONWORK SUGGESTING A BASTION AT THE NORTHERN ANGLE.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Professor J. Garstang.

what follows to have an important bearing on the identity of the site with Hazor.

From Egyptian sources it is known that Hazor was active politically in the middle part of the fourteenth century B.C.; and the Biblical account also depicts Hazor as a flourishing and leading military centre down to the time it was burned by Joshua. Now, though the date of Joshua's great campaign near the waters of Merom is not known, nor determinable from Bible sources, and has been further obscured by flimsy theories as to the date of the Exodus, it is none the less indisputable that it occurred during the period 1600 B.C. to 1200 B.C.—i.e., during the Late Bronze Age.

There is also a further suggestive point of agreement. We learn from the Book of Kings that Hazor, together with other cities, was rebuilt by Solomon, in the tenth century B.C., and that it fell two hundred years later to the Assyrian King Tiglath-Pileser III. We have seen evidence of the reoccupation of the acropolis during the Early Iron Age, which covers the dates in question. These arguments might be stressed, the approximations in date might be narrowed down, but it would

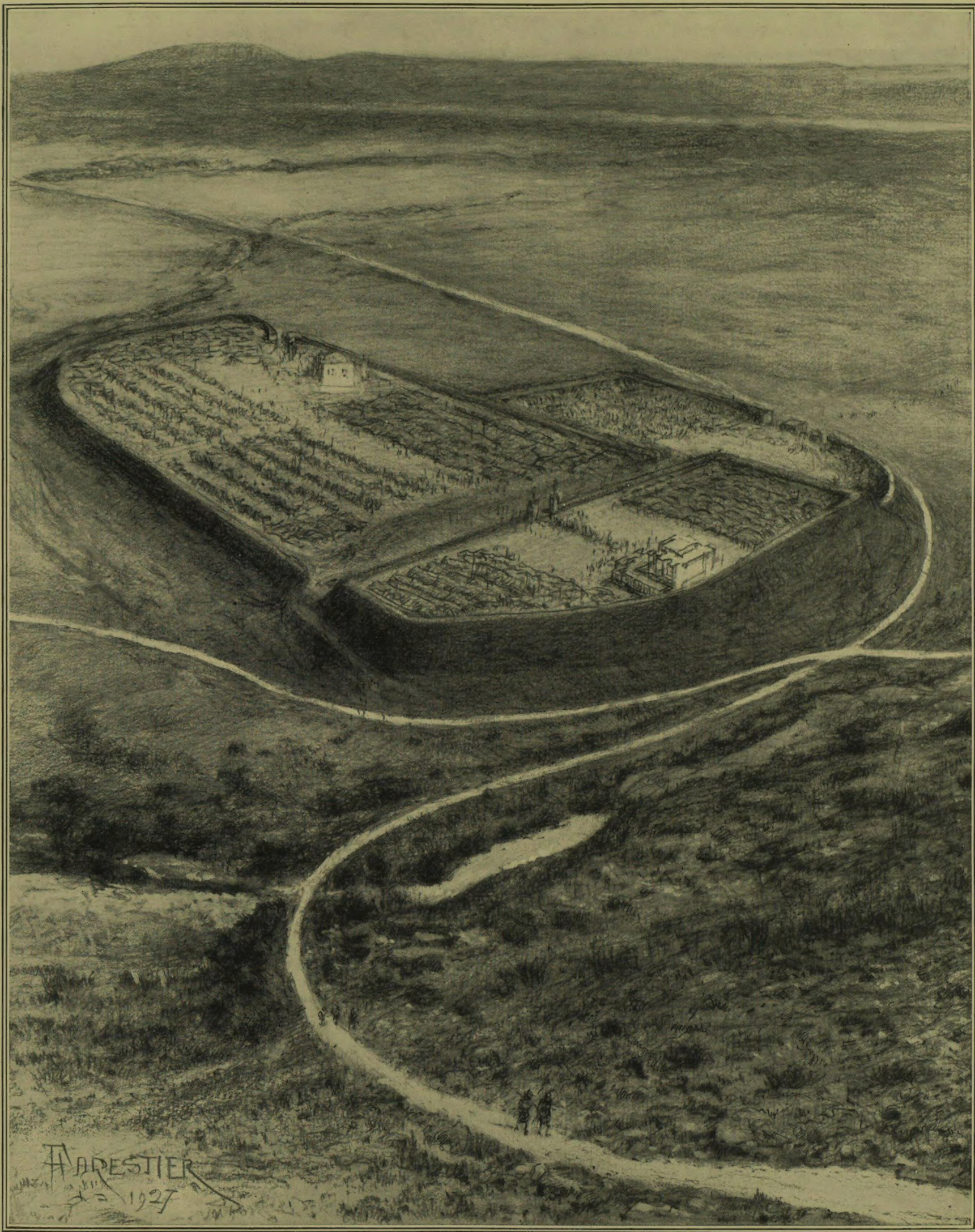
(Continued on page 72.)



NOW IDENTIFIED WITH HAZOR, THE STRONGHOLD OF THE CANAANITES DESTROYED BY JOSHUA: THE HILL OF EL QEDAH—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SOUTH-WEST SCARP AND RAMPART.

HAZOR IN JOSHUA'S DAY: A BIBLICAL STRONGHOLD RECENTLY LOCATED.

A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. GARSTANG (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE). (COPYRIGHTED.)



BEFORE IT BECAME "A DWELLING-PLACE FOR JACKALS, A DESOLATION FOR EVER": HAZOR, THE STRONGHOLD
OF THE CANAANITES CAPTURED AND BURNT BY JOSHUA—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

The site of Hazor, the great stronghold of the Canaanites, which, as described in the Book of Joshua (xi, 10-13), that famous warrior took and utterly destroyed, has recently been discovered by Professor J. Garstang, Director of the Department of Antiquities in Palestine. In his remarkably interesting article on the opposite page, Professor Garstang describes fully the nature of the site, the reasons for identifying it with Hazor, and the importance of that place in Biblical history. It was, he tells us, "a fortified camp large enough to contain a permanent garrison of 40,000 or 50,000 men. . . . So dominant (he continues) was the strategic

position of this fortress at the junction of the main roads into Palestine from Sidon and Damascus, that it must have played a rôle in the struggles for dominion between the old-world powers." In the above drawing the road to Sidon is shown near the top on the left. The road crossing the picture horizontally near the centre led on the right to Damascus, and on the left to Harosheth. The winding road in the foreground is that going southward to Megiddo and Bethshan. In the distance on the left is Mount Hermon, and on the right the lake known in the narrative of Joshua's campaigns as the Waters of Merom.

OUR VISITOR FROM EGYPT: KING FUAD—RULER AND FAMILY MAN.

BY AN EGYPTIAN OFFICIAL.

"IT is nothing to be a prince; it is something to be useful." These words, spoken by King Fuad, long before he ascended the throne of Egypt, give the keynote to his character. He is first and foremost a scholar, insatiable in the acquisition of knowledge; but he acquires knowledge only in order to put it to the most practical and scientific uses. All the scientific societies that exist in Egypt to-day were either founded by the King or have been revived thanks to his interest in their welfare.

"The best-informed man in Egypt" is a description that has aptly been applied to his Majesty. A British shipping magnate, coming out from a lengthy audience with the King, observed to one of the Court officials: "Your King knows as much about shipping as I do." An Argentine ex-Minister of Agriculture, visiting Cairo, came to see King Fuad. Thinking that the King of Egypt could know nothing of agriculture in the Argentine, he imagined that his task would be easy, that he would only have to open his mouth and the King would listen to him. Much to his astonishment, he found himself being plied with searching questions in regard to certain crops, and minute technical inquiries as to some interesting agricultural experiments just then being initiated in the Argentine. The Italian Minister in Cairo, after his first audience with the King—and speaking

from a varied experience of such interviews exclaimed:

"*Mais, il est formidable!* He doesn't dictate a subject—he lets you choose your own subject, and then discusses it." Zaghul Pasha, the Nationalist leader, paying his first duty call at the Palace after a long estrangement with the King, left no less amazed. "He knows things that are happening in my own house that I do not know!"



PRINCESS FAIZA OF EGYPT, BORN AT CAIRO ON NOVEMBER 8, 1923: A PHOTOGRAPH BY HER MOTHER QUEEN NAZLI.

he exclaimed. It is quite true that King Fuad knows everything that is going on in the country, more especially in the Government service.

It is probably fortunate that in his early days there seemed no likelihood that Prince Ahmed Fuad—as he then was—would ever come to the throne: he was able to pursue his studies untrammelled by the restrictions that must surround the heir to a crown. He mixed with people freely, and gained invaluable experience. Youngest son of the Khedive Ismail, "the Magnificent," the King was born in 1868. At the age of ten he was sent to Europe to receive instruction at the Tudicum Institute at Geneva. He afterwards entered the International Institute at Turin, and then, in 1885, the Turin Military Academy, where he followed the courses of the School of Practical Artillery and Military Engineering, and was admitted to the Italian Army as a Lieutenant in the Field Artillery. Appealed to for advice by his young nephew, the Khedive Abbas II., Prince Fuad returned to Egypt in 1892 and was appointed General of Division in the Egyptian Army, and afterwards Chief A.D.C. to the Khedive. Three years later he resigned these posts in order to devote himself more completely and more independently to the scientific, intellectual, and moral uplifting of his country. It was he who founded the Egyptian University, which has remained to this day his "pet child." He has also founded many other important scientific bodies, such as the Museum of Hygiene, the Economic and Political Society, the Entomological Society, and the Hydro-Biological Institute at Alexandria. Since he came to the throne, he has encouraged the holding of important congresses in Egypt, as, for instance, the recent Geographical, Navigation, and Cotton Congresses; while preparations for a forthcoming Statistical Congress are now under way. Moreover, the King's belief in sport as a beneficial factor in forming national character has led him to order that a Pan-African Olympiad be held at Alexandria in 1929—when, incidentally, keen competition is expected from South Africa.

King Fuad has none of the characteristics of



KING FUAD'S CONSORT: AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN OF EGYPT (WEARING A WHITE YASHMAK, IN RIGHT BACKGROUND).

Queen Nazli, who has not accompanied King Fuad to London, was born at Alexandria in 1894. Among her interests are angling and photography, and she took the photographs of her children shown on this page. She also has a younger daughter, Princess Faika, born at Alexandria on June 8, 1926.

the traditional Oriental potentate of the story books. He rises very early and attends to his private work before giving audiences, which keep him busy until 2 o'clock. At 2.45 he is back at his desk—not, perhaps, to the unmixed joy of some of the elderly Pashas, who miss their afternoon siestas. He remains at his desk till 6, when he retires to his private apartments, where the latest telegrams and newspapers await him. After reading, dinner; and then, perhaps, a film is shown in the King's private cinema. On an average, King Fuad works thirteen to fourteen hours daily.

He retains a very independent judgment, and is not to be influenced by the wiles of sycophants. In his provincial tours—and they have been very comprehensive—he is often urged to visit some wealthy landowner. The King's first question is: "Never mind his wealth; what has he done for the country?" And if the man has done nothing for his country the King ignores him. Riches alone are no recommendation to the royal favour. His regard for personal merit may be illustrated by another story. A vacancy arose for a Lieutenant in the Palace Police.



THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF EGYPT: THE CROWN PRINCE FAROUK, BORN AT CAIRO ON FEBRUARY 11, 1920: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY HIS MOTHER, QUEEN NAZLI, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE MONTAZAH PALACE, THE KING'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.

A long list of applicants was compiled and submitted to the King. Looking down it, he noticed that name after name was put down as "recommended by" this Pasha and that Pasha. "Is there any man on this list who is not recommended?" asked the King.

There was just one, and, after his Majesty had inquired into his record, that solitary applicant who had relied not on patronage but on his own merit was given the post, which he still retains.

King Fuad is fond of racing, has his own racing stable, and is often to be seen in the Royal Box at the Gezira Racecourse. He goes sometimes to the Opera, and is always ready to give his patronage to an exhibition of note or to an important literary or musical gathering. On special occasions he entertains on a lavish scale at Abdine Palace in Cairo; but in general he prefers his study and his family life to the outward pomp and displays of majesty. He has four children, the three little Princesses Fawzia, Faiza, and Faika, and the Crown Prince Farouk, who is now seven years of age. The King is devoted to his children, though he is none the less a very strict father, and thoroughly believes in the old adage that children should be kept in their place.

Queen Nazli, King Fuad's consort, who, unfortunately, will not be seen with him in England, is the daughter of Abdel Rahim Sabry Pasha. Her mother was the great-granddaughter of the famous Colonel Sève, the Frenchman who took the name of Soliman Pasha and reorganised the Egyptian Army under Mohammed Aly Pasha, the founder of modern Egypt and of the present dynasty. Her Majesty

is tall, slim, and extremely graceful. She speaks English and French fluently—she had an English governess as a girl—and she is a keen amateur photographer. She is also, more surprisingly, an accomplished angler, and a little while ago one of the leading London firms carried out an order for some very special rods and fishing tackle for the use of Queen Nazli and the Crown Prince.

The heir to the throne is a charming and high-spirited little boy, who speaks English, French, and Arabic with equal ease. All the royal children have English nurses, and Prince Farouk has also an English governess. It is probable that in course of time he will come to one of the great English public schools. The Prince is very fond of riding as well as fishing, and he is Honorary President of the Egyptian Boy Scouts' Association. In view of his tender years, the King very wisely does not permit him to appear at public functions, but once a year he inspects his own troop of Boy Scouts in the Palace grounds.

King Fuad's interest in education extends far outside his family circle, and his "slogan" may be said to be: "Education, and more education—particularly for the women of Egypt." It is entirely due to his Majesty's influence that so many Egyptian girls now come to England to study such subjects as medicine, nursing hygiene, and domestic economy. King Fuad realises that the Egyptian mother must play a very important rôle in building up the young Egyptian nation, and, though he is probably opposed to many aspects of feminism as exhibited in Europe, he is all for encouraging the refining and educative influence of woman in the home. It is, naturally, British educational systems and institutions that will claim the largest share of his interest here; but he will find time to devote attention to many aspects of English life and to draw useful conclusions from all of them.

It is seventeen years since his Majesty was last in London, and for a long time he has been keenly looking forward to renewing his first-hand acquaintance with a nation whose institutions and ideals he greatly admires. He has a very good idea of what he wants to see and to learn, for he has kept himself in touch with all that is happening here; as an instance, it may be recalled that only last year, after the destruction by fire of the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre, his Majesty sent a donation of £500 to the rebuilding fund, for Shakespeare is much read and appreciated in Egypt, and his plays are frequently performed, not only by professionals, but by student amateurs at the leading secondary schools.



PRINCESS FAWZIA OF EGYPT, BORN AT ALEXANDRIA ON NOVEMBER 5, 1921: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY HER MOTHER, QUEEN NAZLI.

REALISING A CHERISHED DESIRE: KING FUAD VISITING ENGLAND.



THE BEGINNING OF THE PROCESSIONAL JOURNEY FROM VICTORIA STATION TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE KING, KING FUAD, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE DUKE OF YORK IN THE STATE CARRIAGE.



KING FUAD'S VISIT TO THE CITY ON JULY 5: HIS MAJESTY ON THE RIGHT OF THE LORD MAYOR, AT THE GUILDHALL—THE PRINCE ON HIS RIGHT.

His Majesty the King of Egypt arrived in England on July 4 for his State visit. At Dover he was met by the Prince of Wales, acting for the King; while at Victoria Station King George himself greeted him. During the afternoon his Majesty placed a wreath on the Cenotaph and another on the grave of the Unknown Warrior, in Westminster Abbey. In the evening the King and Queen gave a State Banquet in his honour at Buckingham Palace. In proposing the toast of the King of Egypt, King George said: "I need not assure your Majesty of the close and sympathetic interest with which I have followed the progress of Egypt.



KING FUAD'S LANDING AT DOVER: HIS MAJESTY COMING DOWN THE GANGWAY OF THE "MAID OF ORLEANS," FOLLOWED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

... It is my earnest hope, as I know it to be the wish of your Majesty, that now and henceforth close and friendly relations may be continued, to the enduring advantage of our two countries and the peace and prosperity of our peoples." In his reply, King Fuad said that King George's invitation had permitted him to realise a desire which he had cherished since his accession to the throne of his ancestors, and continued: "My people, who have a great admiration for the British nation, attach the highest importance to its friendship, and is sincerely resolved to render it more intimate and more fruitful."

LAWN-TENNIS "SNAPS" AT WIMBLEDON: FINALISTS AND OTHERS.



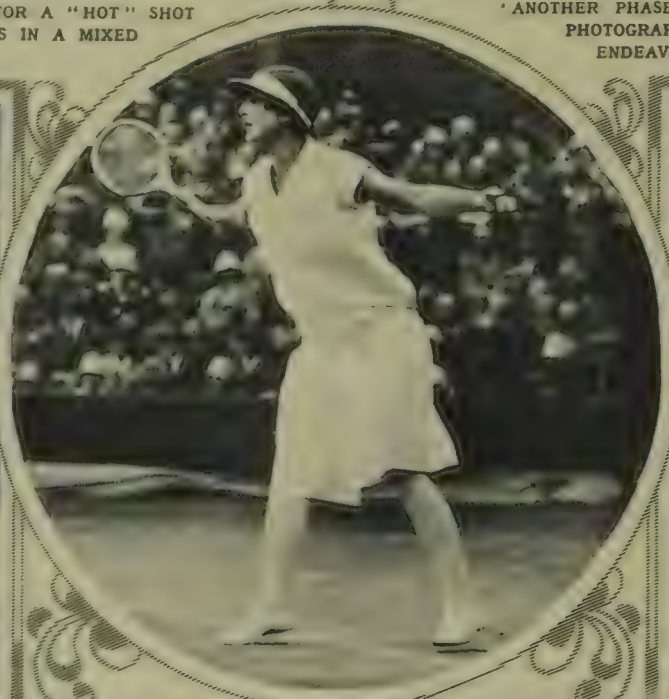
A SLIP ON THE WET COURT WHEN TRYING FOR A "HOT" SHOT FROM MISS BETTY NUTHALL: J. BOROTRA FALLS IN A MIXED DOUBLES MATCH.



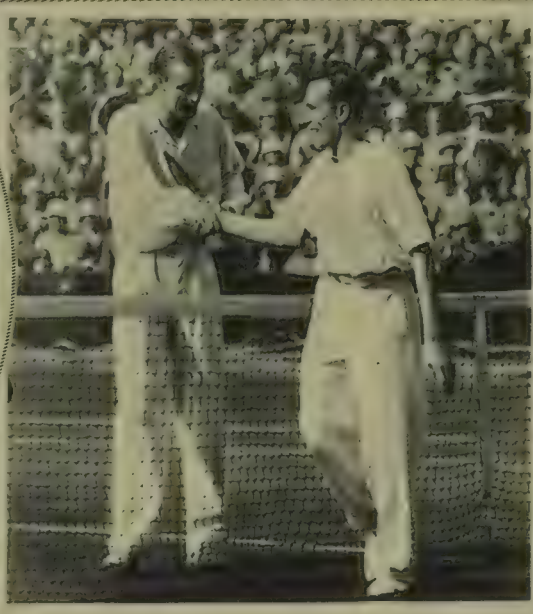
ANOTHER PHASE OF THE FALL ILLUSTRATED IN THE PRECEDING PHOTOGRAPH: J. BOROTRA "COMING A CROPPER" WHEN ENDEAVOURING TO REACH A SHOT FROM MISS NUTHALL.



AFTER THE GREAT FINAL IN THE MEN'S SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP: J. BOROTRA, THE LOSER (RIGHT), CONGRATULATING H. COCHET, THE WINNER.



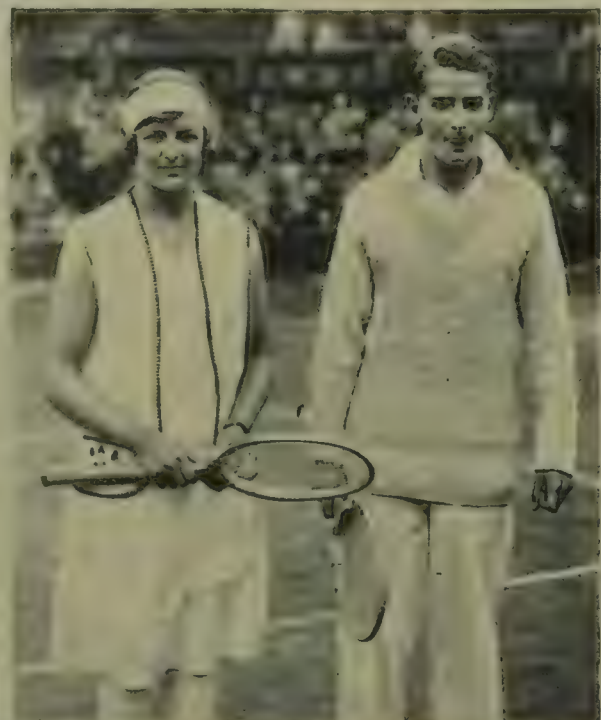
THE NEW LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION: MISS HELEN WILLS, OF THE UNITED STATES, IN PLAY.



A MATCH THAT BROUGHT COCHET INTO THE FINAL: W. T. TILDEN (LEFT) CONGRATULATING COCHET, WHO BEAT HIM IN THE SEMI-FINALS.



AFTER THE STRENUOUS FINAL WHICH WAS NOTABLE FOR THE NUMBER OF LONG RALLIES AND THE EXHAUSTION OF THE PLAYERS: MISS HELEN WILLS (RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS AFTER HER VICTORY WITH SENORITA E. DE ALVAREZ.



POPULAR PARTNERS AT THE MEETING: MISS BETTY NUTHALL AND H. W. AUSTIN.

Despite distinctly inclement weather, the lawn-tennis championship meeting at Wimbledon (or, to give it its official title, The Lawn-Tennis Championship Meeting, 1927, Upon the Lawns of the All-England Club, Wimbledon) met with its usual success, and the crowds—especially on July 2, when the singles finals were played—were enormous. With particular regard to our photographs, the following notes may be given: In the second round of the mixed doubles championship, H. W. Austin and Miss Betty Nuthall beat J. Borotra and Mme. Bordes by 6-4, 9-7. The successful pair were defeated in the third round by C. H. Kingsley and Mrs. John Hill (6-4, 4-6, 6-4). One of the big surprises of the

meeting was the defeat of W. T. Tilden, in the singles, by H. Cochet. This took Cochet into the final round; with Borotra, who beat R. Lacoste. Both the men's singles championship and the women's singles championship were very hotly contested, and in each case it may be said that the stolid beat the temperamental, the stolid being represented by Miss Helen Wills and by Cochet. Cochet defeated Borotra, the holder. Miss Wills beat Señorita E. de Alvarez. The ladies' final was notable for rallies, and after one long rally, Señorita de Alvarez was so exhausted that she had to bend over her racket to recover herself and get her breath. Miss Wills also showed the strain, but not nearly so much.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKET CENTENARY: THE 89TH MATCH.



THE EIGHTY-NINTH CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE: THE CENTENARY MATCH, AT LORD'S—CAMBRIDGE BATTING.



GOING OUT TO OPEN THE MATCH: E. F. LONGRIGG (LEFT) AND E. W. DAWSON, OF CAMBRIDGE.



GOING OUT TO OPEN OXFORD'S FIRST INNINGS: P. V. F. CAZALET (LEFT) AND A. M. CRAWLEY.



HIGHEST SCORERS IN CAMBRIDGE'S FIRST INNINGS: F. J. SEABROOK (LEFT) AND R. W. V. ROBINS.



A CAMBRIDGE BATSMAN STUMPED: A. K. JUDD; STUMPED ABELL, BOWLED GREENSTOCK.



A CAMBRIDGE BATSMAN BOWLED: E. F. LONGRIGG; BOWLED MCINTOSH.

That eagerly anticipated event, the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match, began at Lord's on July 4. It was of particular interest this year, for it was the centenary match. It was not, however, the one-hundredth, but the eighty-ninth. The first recorded meeting between the elevens of the two Universities was a hundred years ago. When this year's game began, the figures of the rivals

stood as follows: Cambridge, 42 matches; Oxford, 36 matches; drawn matches, 10. In connection with the centenary, it is perhaps good to recall that it was some fifty years before the general public paid heed to a University eleven, and even then growth of interest was slow! In Cambridge's first innings R. W. V. Robins scored 55; and F. J. Seabrook, 51 (not out).

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE THIRD LORD ORANMORE.

Born, Jan. 6, 1861; died, June 30 from injuries received in a motor accident on June 7, a disaster in which his wife was killed. The third Baron (Ireland).



H.E. AZIZ IZZET PASHA.

Egyptian Minister. It was arranged that a banquet should be given at the Egyptian Legation on July 6, and that the King and King Fuad should attend it.



MR. W. W. RUSSELL, R.A.

New Keeper of the Royal Academy. Well known both as painter of portraits and landscapes. Held a commission in the Royal Engineers during the war.



M. HENRY DE COURCELLES.

Well-known French racing motorist. Killed during the fifth lap of the 125-kilometre race on the track at Linas-Montlhéry on July 2.



EQUALLING WORLD'S RECORD IN THE 440-YARDS HURDLES AT THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS: LORD BURGHLEY.



MR. FRANK CURZON.

(Born, Sept. 17, 1868; died, July 2.) Actor, theatrical manager, and owner of Call Boy, this year's Derby winner. Had been ill for some time.



WINNER OF THE QUARTER-MILE AND THE HALF-MILE AT THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS: MR. D. G. A. LOWE.



THE BISHOP OF MEATH.

The Most Rev. Dr. Thomas G. G. Collins. Born, April 2, 1873; died suddenly on July 3, on return from York Minster celebrations. The Premier Bishop of Ireland.



LIEUT. A. HEGENBERGER.

Navigator of the United States Army Fokker aeroplane which made the Transpacific flight from San Francisco to Honolulu—the longest sea flight.



LIEUT. LESTER J. MAITLAND.

Pilot of the United States Army Fokker aeroplane which made the Transpacific flight from San Francisco to Honolulu. The distance covered was 2400 miles.



MR. JAMES WHITE.

(Born, 1878; died, June 29.) Financier; interested in theatrical enterprises; and owner of race-horses. Said to have begun as a bricklayer. Made several fortunes, and lost them. Committed suicide by chloroform poisoning.

The third Baron Oranmore and Browne (Ireland) and first Baron Mereworth of Mereworth Castle (United Kingdom) was created a Knight of St. Patrick in 1918 and an Irish Privy Councillor in 1921. He had held several important appointments, amongst them those of a Member of the Irish Convention, 1917-18; a Commissioner of the Congested Districts Board, 1919; a Senator for Southern Ireland, 1921; and a Representative Peer for Ireland.—The racing on the first day of the annual motor race meeting held by the Automobile Club de France on the racing track at Linas-Montlhéry led to the death of M. Henry de Courcelles,

whose car left the track during the fifth lap of the 125-kilometre race and crashed into a tree.—Mr. Frank Curzon was a son of Mr. W. Clarke Deeley, of Curzon Park, Chester, by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Joseph Mallaby, of Loxley Hall, Staffordshire, and he was a younger brother of Sir H. Mallaby-Deeley, Bt. In 1910, he married the well-known actress Miss Isabel Jay.—A United States Army Fokker aeroplane left San Francisco at 7.9 a.m. on June 28, and succeeded in its object by covering 2400 miles over the Pacific in 22 hr. 43 min. The landing was at Honolulu.

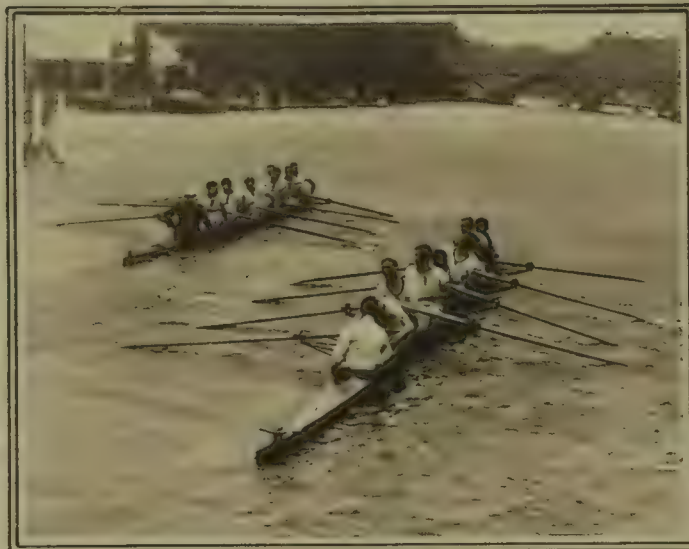
THE CAMERA AS RECORDER:



CELEBRATING THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY OF SALISBURY'S CHARTER: THE SPIRE OF THE CATHEDRAL ILLUMINATED BY FLOOD LIGHTING.



WOMEN COMPETITORS PHOTOGRAPHED AT BISLEY: THE MISSES W OWENS, D. ANDREWS, M. BELTUM, E. DOWNE, AND M. FOLLOWS.



AFTER THE FINISH OF THE FINAL HEAT IN THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP AT HENLEY—THAMES R.C. v. LONDON R.C.: THE COLLAPSED CREWS AFTER THE RACE.



THE WINNER OF THE DIAMONDS: R. T. LEE, OF WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD, AFTER HIS UNEXPECTED SUCCESS.



THE MISHAP WHICH LOST WRIGHT THE DIAMONDS: JOSEPH WRIGHT, JUNR., THE CANADIAN SCULLER, IN COLLISION WITH THE LAST BOOM.



THE LOSER OF THE DIAMONDS: JOSEPH WRIGHT, JUNR., HELPED ALONG BY FRIENDS AFTER HIS MISHAP.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AFTER DESCENDING THE FAMOUS HAIG PIT OF THE WHITEHAVEN COLLIERY COMPANY: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN DUNGAREES AND WITH A CHECK SCARF.



THE OPENING OF THE INFIELD CONVALESCENT HOME, BARROW-IN-FURNESS, BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: SIR ALFRED BARROW READING AN ADDRESS.

On the occasion of the seven-hundredth anniversary of the granting of the City of Salisbury's Charter, celebration of which began on June 29, the spire of the Cathedral was illuminated by flood lighting. Such a thing has never happened before and, of course, may never be repeated. The photograph was taken after 11 o'clock at night.—The photograph of the illuminated Victory Tower was taken at 12.5 midnight on the Thursday of Centenary Week last year; but it shows how the Tower was illuminated for the present Canadian Diamond Jubilee celebrations.—The Grand Challenge Cup was won by the Thames Rowing Club by three-quarters of a length, in 7 min. 16 sec. In the final of the Diamond

Challenge Sculls, R. T. Lee, of Worcester College, Oxford, beat Joseph Wright, junr., of the Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto, by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths in 9 min. 6 sec. Towards the end of the race, Wright missed half a stroke with his left scull, and ran into the last boom, and before he could free himself, Lee had finished. Needless to say, Wright, who as a sculler is in a class above Lee, was much disappointed.—During his tour in the north-western counties, the Prince of Wales descended the Haig Pit of the Whitehaven Colliery Company and, entering one of the ordinary pit trams, was pushed and hauled a mile under the sea to the coal face. The visit to Barrow-in-Furness was paid on June 29.



AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR: FALAISE—
THE CASTLE.

RECOGNITION of the 900th anniversary of the birth of William the Conqueror reached its climax last week-end with celebrations at Caen and Falaise. The occasion calls attention to the scarce-remembered fact that when Britain yielded to William, it yielded not so much to a new kind of conqueror as to the second wave of Norse intrusion. Only inasmuch as the Norman forces included fighting men from Poitou and Ile-de-France, Flemings and Bretons, archers of Aquitaine and troopers of Burgundy, could it be said that the army was not a Scandinavian one. For the Normans were the sons of Norse pirates who, landing upon both banks at the mouth of the Seine, made the country their own, and gave their name to it. To this day it is called the land of the Northman, or Norman.

William, our Conqueror, came of the Scandinavian stock, being son to Robert, Duke of Normandy, and Arlette, daughter of a tanner. He was born in the summer of 1027 in that town of Falaise which has shown that she has not forgotten her part in French and English history. William's father died—oddly enough, from natural causes—when his son was still a boy, and William had at once to address himself to the most serious political situations. To play the game of Norman politics called for a good deal more subtlety than is supposed. If it was useful, in the last resort, to be quicker with your knife than your enemy was with his, to practise successfully the art of territorial aggrandisement required pronounced qualities of patience, cunning, and indifference to human suffering.

William grew up intent to realise two purposes. The first was concerned with a situation that was highly complex and required an improvement in his relations with the Court of France; the second, though of greater interest to ourselves, was for him a much simpler business and only required a successful invasion of England. One purpose of William's, then, was to be powerful on the Norman side of the Channel; the other was to be great on the English. The effect of one aggrandisement would contribute to that of the other.

Entering upon his Dukedom while still a youth, William had at once to withstand his enemies. He began with every sort of handicap, including the ascription of bastardy—an ascription which, however, lay against so many of his rivals to dukedom that only one could claim a respectable origin! The fact is a comment both on the times and on the men who came about the boy Duke to challenge his right of succession. These Norman barons were murderous ruffians, as well as subtle and scheming knaves. They were well descended from those bloody pirates of the North.

If, when angered, William was as savage a ruffian as any of these barons of his, he showed himself, from the beginning, a man with a natural genius for governing. Throughout his career he was unpopular with his barons because, whatever he did himself, he would not let others oppress the serfs. He was distinguished, also, for his zeal as a religious reformer. If he found an abbot neglectful of the poor and given to rich living, William put him out and gave his place to another—which was pretty good for a child of pirate ancestry.

If William had to watch, and, when necessary, destroy, his brother barons, there was a greater figure against which, on occasion, he must measure himself. Certainly at the opening of his reign his policy was to conciliate the French King, as is shown in the

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR:

THE 900th ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

By JOHN OWEN.

history of the affair of the castle of Tillière. Before William's time, this edifice had been set up in defiance of France; but when, on his assuming the Dukedom, William was asked by the King to have the castle removed, he consented. More than that: when Crispin, the castle's governor, refused to surrender it, on William's order, to the French King, William hastened to the King's aid. In the issue the

for my churching then": and when he rose up he burnt the King's borders to make earnest of the jest. This was only the last of William's furies against France. He never refused a challenge.

William's policy in relation to England is easily explained. He did not see himself in the character of marauder looking out for new lands to conquer. He invaded Britain in obedience to a conviction of right. Edward, last King of the English, and childless, on his mother's side was related to William. He had the habit, common in elderly men, of making promises that he would not be called on himself to redeem. One of the promises he had made was that, if he had no children, his dear relative William should succeed him. Harold, moreover, was once shipwrecked on William's coasts, and the Duke, in exchange for the succour and hospitality which his people had afforded the Saxon, obtained from him an assurance that he would recognise Norman authority. But when Edward died the English made Harold King, and Harold had no homage to offer to William.

The Duke, furious at what seemed the dishonesty of the English, decided that an invasion, like honesty, was the best policy. A fleet of four hundred sailing-ships was gradually assembled in the mouth of the Seine, the ships took on board a force of 60,000 men, and this mighty army set sail to establish upon the English throne that dynasty to which we still, happily, pay homage, and in which we still have the best reason to rejoice. The overthrow of Harold at Hastings is too well known a story

to call for outline here. The English people who wept then, and, when driven from their villages to make room for William's new forest, believed that their liberties were for ever perished, came to recognise that the Normans saved England. When the nation was beginning to lose in vigour and direction, and when, failing such new blood as this rich masculine blood of the old Norse pirate strain, the nation must have expired, William and his people brought in new life.

But the Normans were not mere savages. If they were fierce, they were men who had acquired some taste and even refinement from the French women with whom they had intermarried. Of their sense of

form in stone they have left examples in the England they possessed; and wherever we go the modest aspiration of the Norman arch, soon to give place to the nobler and more brilliant Gothic, is their monument. If they brought us a first vision of what to-day we call Empire, they gave us also a new and vigorous, if not a great, conception of the beautiful.

What of the Duke who led them? William was a man of enormous size and strength, a bully, a breaker of hearts and bodies, before whom the mightiest quailed, and whose body even in death was so lit with terror that men left it as it lay naked, and ran away. He was ready for unspeakable cruelties, and when, in derision of his origin, the people of a besieged city hung up sheets of leather inscribed "Work for the tanner," William thrust through the walls, took the men, gouged out their eyes, and cut off their hands and feet.

But, savage though he was, he was a statesman of real subtlety and wisdom. He protected commerce, exacted fair dealing between man and man, whether in France or England, and by so doing attracted the immigration of craftsmen and merchants. So far as we are concerned, he may be said to have laid securely the foundations of such greatness as we celebrate to-day. If we would give our homage to the creator of Great and Greater Britain, we shall lay a moiety of it at least at the tomb in the Abbaye aux Hommes at Caen.



SHOWING THE MARBLE SLAB MARKING THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR: THE INTERIOR OF SAINT-ETIENNE, CAEN.

castle was captured, and this emblem of Norman defiance was destroyed by the Norman Duke. The King, on his part, now swore that he would not rebuild it for

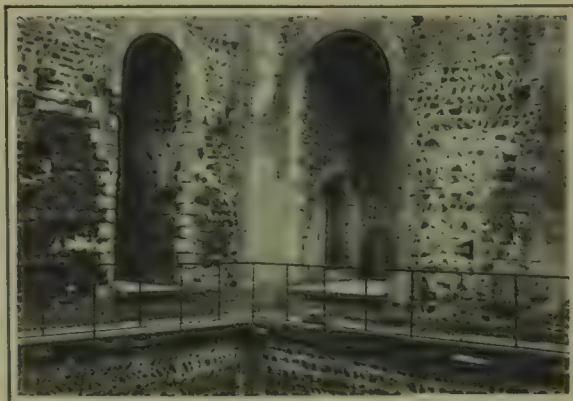


ALIKE AND YET VERY DISSIMILAR—FINE EXAMPLES OF ROMANESQUE, OR "NORMAN," ARCHITECTURE AT ITS BEST: SAINT-ETIENNE (THE ABBAYE AUX HOMMES), WHICH CONTAINS THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR (LEFT); AND L'ÉGLISE DE LA TRINITÉ (THE ABBAYE AUX DAMES), WHICH CONTAINS THE TOMB OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S CONSORT, QUEEN MATILDA.

The grave of William the Conqueror (now empty) is in Saint-Etienne, at Caen. The towers and nave belong to the earlier part of the building. The choir is thirteenth century. In 1562 the Conqueror's tomb was broken open and the bones were dispersed; later these were replaced in a new tomb, but this was destroyed at the time of the Revolution. The Church of the Trinity, at Caen, is said to have been founded by Queen Matilda in 1066, a few months before the embarkation of her husband for England.

Nothing remains of the original buildings of the Abbaye aux Dames but this church.

the occupation of his own forces. But rebuild it he in fact did—and at once; and with his fortification of the new stronghold went William's further regard for the Court and authority of France. From this time, indeed, William paid no obeisance. Through-



SHOWING THE SMALL (INNER) DOORWAY OF THE ROOM IN WHICH WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR WAS BORN: IN THE CASTLE OF FALAISE.

out his life no French King dared take a liberty with him. Many years afterwards, when King Philip, seeing him lying sick at Rouen, told him that he made as much of his illness as a nursing mother, William swore that "I'll have a thousand candles

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK: NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



ON THE WAY TO A BURIAL ATTENDED BY SOME FIVE THOUSAND SPECTATORS AND MOURNERS: THE COFFIN OF THE LATE MR. JAMES WHITE BORNE IN A FARM WAGGON TO WANBOROUGH CHURCHYARD.



THE CELEBRATION AT FALAISE OF THE NINE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S BIRTH: "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR" AND "QUEEN MATILDA" IN "THE COURT OF LOVE."



THE WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR CELEBRATIONS AT FALAISE, [THE KING'S BIRTHPLACE: "QUEEN MATILDA" PASSING THROUGH THE DECORATED STREETS IN PROCESSION.



THE WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR CELEBRATIONS AT FALAISE: QUEEN MATILDA'S MAIDS IN THE ELABORATE PROCESSION THROUGH THE DECORATED TOWN.



COMMEMORATING THE FIRST LONE TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT: THE CHARLES LINDBERGH TABLET AT LE BOURGET.

The burial of the late Mr. James White, the financier, theatrical magnate, and race-horse owner, who committed suicide in such sensational circumstances, took place at Wanborough Churchyard on July 4. There were numerous mourners and some five thousand curious spectators.—Falaise, the town in whose castle William the Conqueror was born, has been celebrating with much ceremonial the nine-hundredth anniversary of that ruler's birth. On July 3, there was a parade and pageant representing the return of King William to Falaise after the Conquest, and in the evening of the same day there was a "Court of Love," which turned out to be a pageant and series of tableaux.—The tablet set up



THE QUEEN AT THE OPENING OF CROSBY HALL, CHELSEA, TO WHICH A NEW WING HAS BEEN ADDED: HER MAJESTY ARRIVING.

at Le Bourget by the International League of Aviators bears the inscription, in French: "Charles Lindbergh, after having crossed the Atlantic, landed here on May 22, 1927."—On July 1, the Queen opened Crosby Hall, Chelsea, to which a new wing has been added, as a Club House and Residential Hall for women graduates of all nations, in connection with the International Federation of University Women. She also inspected the Great Hall, the original portion of the building which was removed from Bishopsgate to Chelsea seventeen years ago. Crosby Hall, it will be recalled, was once the home of Sir Thomas More, and the new wing replaces a part burnt down in the Great Fire of London.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: AND WESTERN



STILL MAINTAINING THAT GERMANY WAS NOT AT FAULT IN BRINGING ABOUT THE WAR! ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ; WITH HIS GRANDSON.



THE DESTRUCTION OF SEDITIOUS COMMUNIST LITERATURE DESTINED FOR HANKOW: CHINESE SALVING PAMPHLETS FROM THE RIVER AFTER THEY HAD BEEN THROWN OVERBOARD BY BRITISH SAILORS.



AFTER IT HAD BEEN FOUND THAT CHINESE WERE SALVING THE COMMUNIST DOCUMENTS FROM THE RIVER: BRITISH MARINES BURNING PAMPHLETS ON THE LANDING-STAGE AT HANKOW.



ENGLISH WORK OF THE 14TH CENTURY: A WALNUT GROUP OF "THE VIRGIN WITH THE DEAD CHRIST," NOW AT THE V. AND A. MUSEUM.

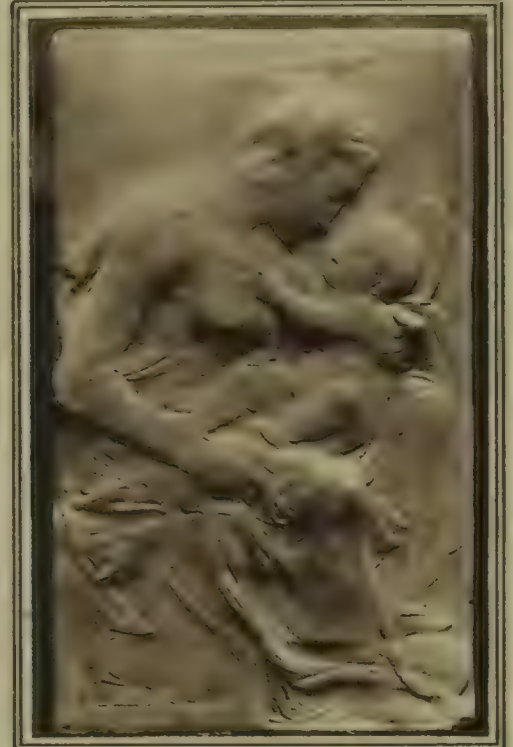


COMMEMORATING THE FIRST CROSSING OF THE AFRICAN CONTINENT, FROM THE WEST COAST TO THE RED SEA, BY CAR: A CASKET REPRODUCTION OF MR. FRANK GRAY'S JOWETT.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF EASTERN AFFAIRS.



PRESENTED TO THE EARL OF ATHLONE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA: MR. KILPATRICK, WINNER OF THE CALCUTTA "SWEEP."



BY DESIDERIO DA SETTIGNANO (1428—1464): A MARBLE RELIEF OF "THE VIRGIN AND CHILD" BOUGHT BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT.



PROBABLY THE MOST REMARKABLE BATHING-MACHINE IN THE WORLD: A GERMAN AEROPLANE SO ADAPTED THAT IT HAS BECOME A SPECIAL CABIN FOR SEA-BATHING.



THE VIRGIN ON THE GRÉPON (GRAND DIABIE; 11,444 FT.): AN ALUMINIUM STATUE CARRIED TO THE HEIGHTS BY GUIDES.



A PLAN TO SAIL FROM PARIS TO NEW YORK, VIA CHERBOURG, IN 84 HOURS: THE MODEL OF M. ANDRÉ REMY'S OCEAN GLIDER.

A Communist attempt to smuggle a large consignment of seditious literature into Hankow was frustrated by the British Navy. A number of packages, weighing some twenty-five tons, were got aboard the British steamer "Loong-Wo" at Shanghai as "pigeon cargo," which pays no freight. During the voyage, the ship was searched by British seamen. The nature of the packages was discovered and many of the pamphlets were thrown into the river. It was then found that the Chinese were salving these, and therefore it was decided to burn the rest.—Mr. Kilpatrick, a dental mechanic employed by a well-known Cape Town dentist, drew Call Boy in the Calcutta Derby "Sweep." He sold a part of his ticket, but it is understood that he netted some £80,000.—"The Virgin with the Dead

Christ" is one of the pieces bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the late Rt. Hon. F. Leverton Harris.—The casket reproducing Mr. Frank Gray's Jowett was presented to the motorist by Sir George Beharrell on behalf of the Dunlop organisation. One part of the inscription reads: "Frank Gray's Epic Dash Across Africa on Dunlop Tyres."—The Victoria and Albert Museum recently acquired the very important marble relief of "The Virgin and Child" illustrated above. It measures 10½ by 6½ in.—The statue of the Virgin on the Grépon is of aluminum.—A demonstration was given on the Seine the other day of a model of a vessel called an ocean glider. It is of hydroplane form, and the oval body between the gliders has, rising from it, three rotors.

THE CULT OF THE WEDDING CHEST: FINE CASSONI AT AUCTION.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



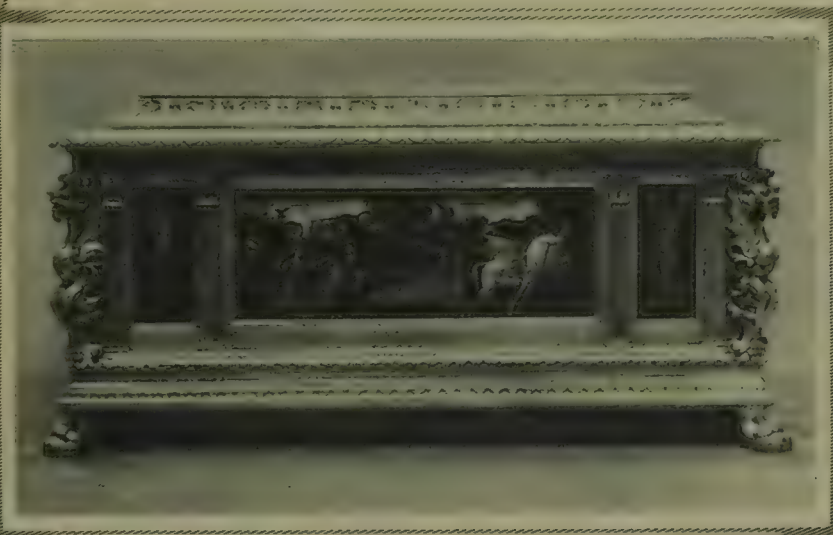
1. FLORENTINE; SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A CASSONE OF WALNUT WOOD—ONE OF THE EXAMPLES TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION ON JULY 13



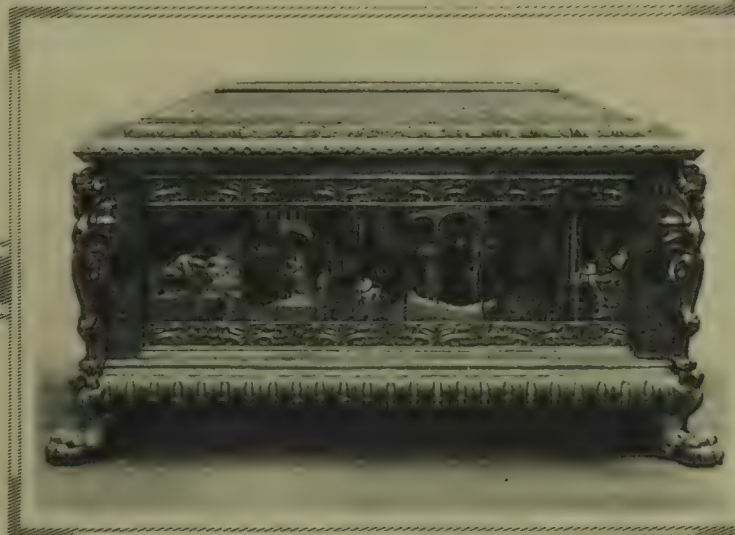
2. FLORENTINE; SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A CASSONE WHOSE FRONT IS CARVED IN HIGH RELIEF WITH AMORINI SUPPORTING A SHIELD-OF-ARMS.



3. FLORENTINE; FIFTEENTH CENTURY: A WEDDING CHEST WHOSE PAINTED FRONT PANEL SHOWS A MARRIAGE PROCESSION WITH A CHARIOT.



4. FLORENTINE; FIFTEENTH CENTURY: A CASSONE WHOSE FRONT PANEL IS PAINTED WITH PLUTO AND PROSERPINE IN A CHARIOT DRAWN BY TWO WHITE HORSES.



5. FLORENTINE; FIFTEENTH CENTURY: A CASSONE WHOSE FRONT PANEL IS PAINTED WITH THE STORY OF TARQUIN AND LUCRECE, WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED BY FIVE SUBJECTS.

These fine cassoni are from the famous Holford Collection, and are among the lots that will come under the hammer at Christie's on July 13. A cassone, it may be added, is a great chest; specifically, one of the ornate wedding chests, or trousseau coffers, made in Italy in the Middle Ages and later to contain the costlier items of the bridal outfit. In amplification of the details given under the illustrations, we mention the following points: 1. This example is 5 ft. 10 in. wide, and is on walnut stands. The amorini supporting a shield are flanked by figures of Europa and Neptune. 2. This

is 6 ft. 8 in. wide. • The amorini supporting a shield-of-arms are flanked by oval strapwork cartouches with subjects emblematic of Autumn and Winter. 3. This is 7 ft. wide. 4. This is 7 ft. wide. The frame-work is of gilt wood. The small upright panels are painted with caryatid figures in grisaille. 5. This is 5 ft. 6 in. wide. The Tarquin and Lucrece subjects illustrated are: The Rape of Lucrece; The Complainant Before the Judge; The Gathering of the Conspirators on Horseback; Lucrece's Confession and Death; and The Attack on the Palace and the Expulsion of the Tarquins from the City of Rome.

AN ARTIST'S VIEW OF TOWERING NEW YORK: BAILEY LITHOGRAPHS.

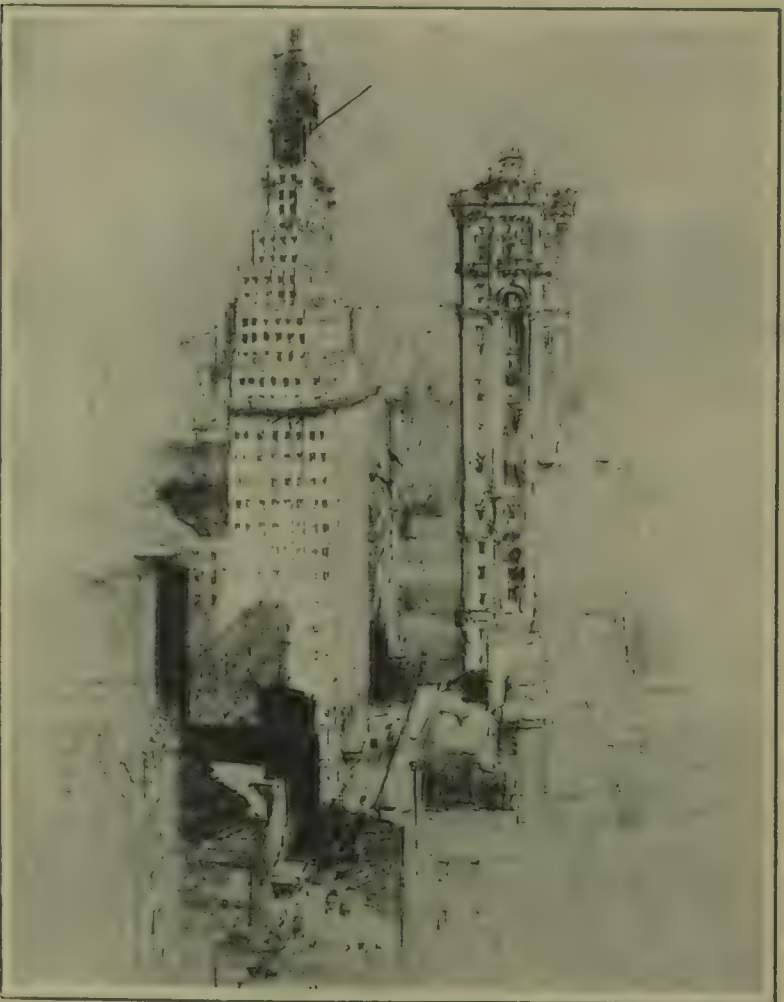
FROM LITHOGRAPHS BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY, IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE COOLING GALLERIES, 92, NEW BOND STREET. (COPYRIGHT IN U.S.A.)



THE HECKSHEER BUILDING FROM CENTRAL PARK ENTRANCE, WITH THE OLD VANDERBILT MANSION (ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR) IN FRONT; (ON RIGHT) THE ST. GAUDENS STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

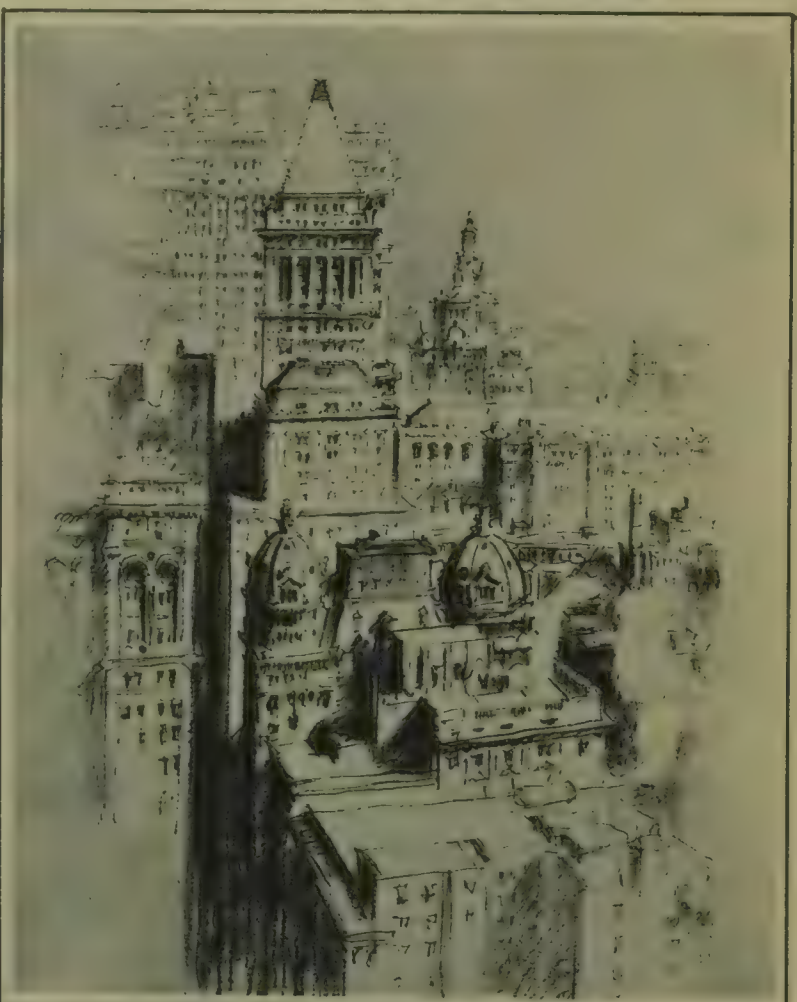


LONG THE TALLEST SKYSCRAPER IN NEW YORK, BUT SURPASSED BY LATER GIANTS: THE WOOLWORTH TOWER (792 FT.), WITH THE NEW TRANSPORTATION BUILDING (LEFT) AND THE OLD POST OFFICE (BELOW).



THE PARAMOUNT THEATRE BUILDING (A PICTURE PALACE) AND THE "TIMES" TOWER: OUTSTANDING PEAKS IN NEW YORK'S MIGHTY RANGE OF SKYSCRAPERS.

As noted on page 67, under his drawing of the Standard Oil Building, Mr. Vernon Howe Bailey's remarkable lithographs of New York skyscrapers are now on view at the Cooling Galleries, and the exhibition is well worth a visit. Mr. Bailey's drawings have been well known in America for the last twenty-five years, and he added considerably to his reputation by his work for the American Government during the war. He was commissioned in 1917 to make drawings of shipyards and munition plants, and was the first artist ever permitted to illustrate the interior of the jealously guarded works of



THE FINANCIAL "HEART" OF NEW YORK FROM THE STANDARD OIL BUILDING: THE BANKERS' TRUST TOWER, WITH THE EQUITABLE BUILDING BEHIND AND

the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. This collection of drawings is in the National Gallery of Art of the Smithsonian Institution, and the collection of prints of the same subjects is in the French War Museum in Paris. Another notable series completed by him was a set of lithographs of the enormous works at Mussel Shoals. He has also achieved distinction as an interpreter of Spanish life. In 1921 the Hispanic Museum, New York, purchased a collection of 150 of his drawings of Spain. He made a second tour of remote Spain in 1925, the results of which are shortly appearing in book form.

THE GIGANTIC ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK: A BAILEY LITHOGRAPH.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY, IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE COOLING GALLERIES, 92, NEW BOND STREET. (COPYRIGHT IN U.S.A.)



PAST AND PRESENT IN NEW YORK: THE HUGE STANDARD OIL BUILDING AND THE OLD BOWLING GREEN
(IN FOREGROUND) FORMERLY FREQUENTED BY THE DUTCH FOUNDERS OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

The gigantic architecture of modern New York (of which some remarkable photographs appeared in our issue of April 9) is the subject of an exhibition of masterly lithographs by Mr. Vernon Howe Bailey, entitled "New York Skyscrapers," recently opened at the Cooling Galleries by Violet Duchess of Rutland. The exhibition is held under the auspices of the English-speaking Union, the American Chamber of Commerce, and the American Women's Club. Four other examples of Mr. Bailey's impressive work, which in many respects recalls that of the late Mr. Joseph Pennell, are given on another page in this number. An interesting reference to the earlier days of the Standard Oil Company occurs in "Valentine's Manual of Old New York." No. 10.

The Last Fifty Years in New York. By H. C. Brown. "There were no such aggregations of capital or business at this time as we are familiar with to-day. So that when a Cleveland firm moved to New York with a capital of one million dollars it was an event to be noted. This was Rockefeller and Co., Exporters, afterwards the famous Standard Oil Company, which opened its New York offices at 181, Pearl Street. The building is still standing. The place where Mr. John D. Rockefeller had his personal desk can still be seen on the second floor. The imposing new building on Lower Broadway is a far cry from the modest quarters in Pearl Street, and I suppose No. 26 is probably the best-known location in the world."



THE INTERIOR OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE AS IT APPEARS WHEN THE BOAT IS SUBMERGING: A SECTIONAL PANORAMA COMBINING ESSENTIAL FEATURES OF VARIOUS TYPES IN COMPOSITE FORM, AND SHOWING OFFICERS AND CREW AT THEIR STATIONS ENGAGED IN THE OPERATIONS NECESSARY AT THE MOMENT OF DIVING.

It was proposed recently at the Naval Limitation Conference at Geneva that large submarines for sea operations should not exceed 1600 tons, or those for coast defence, 600 tons. Submarines are complicated boxes of machinery from end to end. Our drawing reveals the secrets of no particular type, but shows a composite boat, combining essential parts common to all. The boat is seen submerging, with her conning-tower just disappearing. The crew are at their stations. The Commander, at the eye-piece of the periscope, is watching surface traffic as he dives his boat. The First Lieutenant superintends the two men seated at the hydroplane or diving rudder-control wheels, whilst another man controls the vertical steering rudder. The main oil engines that give the boat a surface speed of between fourteen and nineteen knots, and the artificers are attending to repairs. The electric motors are driving the twin screws, at a submerged speed of nine to ten knots. For supplying current, there are numerous batteries or accumulators. Fore and aft and amidships are the main weapons of offence—torpedoes and their launching-tubes. Surrounding the battery spaces are the

compressed-air bottles for supplying breathing air for the crew and for blowing the water from the ballast tanks, which take up a good deal of room. When a boat is about to submerge, the wireless masts are lowered, detachable outside gear is taken inside, and the hatches are secured. The boat is next put into "Awash Trim": that is, the ballast tanks are filled and the trimming and compensating tanks operated. The oil engines are now stopped, and the electric motors started. As the boat moves forward the skilled men at either wheel tilt the forward hydroplanes down and the after ones up, so that the nose gently slides under, followed by the rest of the boat, and she cruises along with just a foot or so of the periscope above the surface. So delicately is she poised that, should her motors be stopped, she will at once gently rise to the surface into the awash position again. If however, anything goes wrong or a quick rise is required, her ballast tanks are "blown," and should she fail to rise even then, she has a detachable keel weighing from 9½ tons (according to the size of the boat) that may be dropped. Fresh air is maintained inside by air trunks and fans.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A NEW PROFESSION.—THE SIX BEST PLAYS.—A THEATRE FESTIVAL FOR LONDON.—RUTH DRAPER.

MAXIM GORKI, the famous Russian author, tells the following story. He happened to be in the States, and visited a local theatre. There he saw a play by Bernard Shaw, and on the programme it was mentioned that at the end of the performance the author would appear in person. "And he did. At the curtain's fall, in a storm of plaudits, the well-known figure addressed the audience. Gorki was puzzled: he knew Shaw; he also knew that he was certainly not in America. Next day he read an announcement that on this evening Maxim Gorki's "Lower Depth" would be produced, and that on this occasion, too, the author would be present and make a speech. This appealed immensely to Gorki's sense of humour, and he went again to the playhouse to see what would happen. And verily, at the end, he saw and heard Maxim Gorki holding forth with a thick American accent—and an ovation without equal. At the stage-door he enquired for his *alter ego*, and soon found himself face-to-face with a crestfallen young man who implored him not to give the show away. He was down and out, he said, and, as the theatre was none too well patronised, he had proposed to the manager to impersonate, at each performance, the foreign playwright whose work was represented. So the town had already enjoyed the august presence of such French celebrities as Lavedan, Bernstein, and Rosstand, of "Cyrano de Bergerac," who must have descended from Heaven for the benefit of the Transatlantic citizens—and the cry was: "more to come." Gorki, so the tale goes, much amused by this cunning and humorous imposture, promised not to spoil the "new profession" of the adventurer. And so it is on the cards that anon, when Hamlet is produced, the Bard of Avon will materialise in the New World to send a message to the Old *via* the U.S.A.

A correspondent, calling my attention to the current discussion on the six best modern English plays, invites me to compile a list—almost the most difficult problem to set before a critic who, professionally, sees two-hundred to two-hundred-and-fifty plays per annum. However, here goes—with the proviso that I quote at random from memory, without regard to the possible dating of the plays, but with due consideration of the impression made when the play was first produced—

Pinero's "His House in Order."
Anstey's "The Man from Blankley's."
Shaw's "Saint Joan."
Granville Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance."
Galsworthy's "The Silver Box."
O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock."

I have dipped, as the reader will observe, into all the *genres*—from the historical play to fanciful satire. But, try as I will, I have not been able to find a tragedy entirely worthy of the name—although Masefield's "Nan" is the nearest approach to the classical formula; and, had the limit not been narrowed to six, I would have added Mr. H. A. Jones's "Middleman," which I consider the best melodrama of a (theatrical) lifetime. But now that I have



ONE OF THE THRILLING SCENES OF "THE SILENT HOUSE": T'MALA (NORAH ROBINSON) THRUST INTO THE POISON CABINET BY HWANG (ERIC CROALL), THE SERVANT OF DR. CHAN FU (FRANKLIN DYALL).

"The Silent House" has more exciting moments than perhaps any other mystery play produced in London. One of the most ingenious of the "thrills" is provided by the fate of T'Mala, the girl. Dr. Chan Fu, the Chinese doctor, orders her to be thrust into a cabinet filled with poisonous gas—and the audience are held in suspense until the rescuer appears in due course.—[Photographs by Stage Photo Co.]

cast my dice, I feel baffled by the difficulty of a symposium such as this. For to rely on memory leads inevitably to fallacy and omission; and to make the selection "good and true," by which one's opinion would stand or fall, it would require the perusal of some thousands of criticisms and, maybe, the reading-up of countless plays—a little job beyond the time and power of the most enthusiastic critic. So I offer my list humbly and hesitatingly, with a cordial challenge for "correction."

It is on the *tapis* that next year, if possible, there may be a Universal Theatrical Festival in London. Of course the project is still in embryo; it would be premature to promise realisation; but it is a significant fact that a powerful artistic society in London—which shall be nameless at present—has the matter under consideration, and has already appointed a Committee of Propaganda.

It is no secret, however, to state that theoretically they have solved one of the main problems of the scheme—the question of the place which might be available, and suitable too, for such a gathering of international companies. In short, the idea is this: six nations will be invited to send either subsidised or private companies to London; each to give two performances—morning and evening—so as to get the whole "big parade" into one week just after the opera season of 1928.

Miss Ruth Draper is with us again, and, to overflowing audiences, she brings herself and her consummate art, if nothing new. But one gladly welcomes her and the old friends she impersonates with such great skill a second time, and some of the sketches—the French *modiste*, the unsophisticated suburban lady playing ducks and drakes with botany, the *mater dolorosa* in the cathedral, the American society lady taking Italian lessons—will never lose their flavour and charm and humour so long as Miss Draper interprets them with the chameleonic magic of her personality. Recently there have been some imitators in the field, but, seeing them, one realises how difficult this art of histrionic differentiation is. In her followers one senses, albeit in meritorious effort, the *tour de force*. In Miss Draper's characterisation complete spontaneity prevails. She has but to rearrange her hair, to don a cap, to swing a shawl over her shoulders, and she becomes another person. Her features are as flexible as rubber; with a smile or a sob she moulds her countenance into a different living mask, and her voice is not only, in modulation, as pathetic in sentiment as it is hilarious in humour, but she has such a command of languages—French, German, Italian, Spanish, that there is but the faintest *nuance* of foreign intonation. One wonders whether this incomparable soloist in her art would stand out in equal prominence in an ordinary play. I remember a great German "improvisateur," as he called himself in those days, enacting Shakespearean characters in the same way as Miss Draper materialises the figures of her own invention. He then tried "Hamlet" with a company, and, curiously enough, the habit of his single-handed acting marred his effort in the *ensemble*. True, he was racially Teutonic, and Miss Draper, American as she is, always conveys the impression of a temperamental assimilation of several nations. It would be a most interesting experience to see her acting surrounded by other artists. I, for one, feel sure that hers is not only the great technical gift of the *virtuosa*, but that she would prove a leading lady in every sense of the word—an outstanding emotional actress, as well as a *comédienne*.



AN EXCITING SCENE IN "THE SILENT HOUSE": T'MALA (NORAH ROBINSON) AND GEORGE (BASIL FOSTER) WITH THEIR SERVANT, HO FANG (GEORGE PICKETT), FALL INTO THE HANDS OF DR. CHAN FU (FRANKLIN DYALL). "The Silent House" presents the events which take place in a house on Barnes Common. It has been left to George Winsford, and contains treasure. The sinister Chinese Dr. Chan Fu and a gang of blackguards are all in search of the wealth, and George and the girl, T'Mala, go through many adventures before the play ends



MURDER IN "THE SILENT HOUSE"? DR. CHAN FU (FRANKLIN DYALL) SEES LEON PERODA (ALBERT BROUETT) THROW A KNIFE AT GEORGE WINSFORD (BASIL FOSTER)

One of the "thrills" of "The Silent House" at the Comedy is provided by what looks like a murder. Peroda, the Portuguese, one of the gang who are in search of the hidden treasure, throws a knife at the hero, George Winsford, in the presence of the sinister Chinese doctor

THE FIRST RECORDED FAIR HAIR ON "A BROW OF EGYPT":

A REMARKABLE PAINTED TOMB DISCOVERED AT GIZA.



1. THE FIRST VIEW OF THE PAINTED CHAMBER OF QUEEN MERESANKH (GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF QUEEN HETEP-HERES I.): THE INTERIOR AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE DOORWAY LOOKING NORTH, SHOWING THE FAIR-HAIRED HETEP-HERES II. (EXTREME LEFT WALL FIGURE).



2. A NEARER VIEW OF THE NORTHERN END OF THE PAINTED TOMB (AS IN NO. 1), SHOWING A ROW OF TEN STATUES ON THE WALL BEYOND THE PILLARS.

3. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WHOLE OFFERING CHAPEL OF QUEEN MERESANKH, AFTER CLEARANCE OF THE DÉBRIS: THE INTERIOR LOOKING NORTH, SHOWING AT THE FAR END THE WALL PAINTINGS AND STATUES SEEN IN NOS. 1 AND 2.



4. WITH HAIR PAINTED YELLOW AND FINE HORIZONTAL LINES TO INDICATE BLONDE OR RED: HETEP-HERES II. (LEFT) WITH HER DAUGHTER MERESANKH (IN LEOPARD SKIN) AND GRANDCHILDREN.

The discovery by the Harvard-Boston Expedition at Giza, near the Pyramids, of the secret tomb of Queen Hetep-heres, mother of Cheops (the builder of the Great Pyramid), has been followed recently by another "find" of equal interest in the ancient royal necropolis there. A doorway found cut in the rock led to a tomb identified by inscriptions as that of Queen Meresankh, whose mother was Princess Hetep-heres the second, a daughter of Cheops named after her grandmother. Professor G. A. Reisner, the archaeologist in charge, says in his latest account of the work (published in the "Times"): "Queen Meresankh was a great-granddaughter of Queen Hetep-heres, the wife of King Sneferuw. This proved to be the most interesting of all the chapels excavated by us at Giza. The painted reliefs included pictures of Prince Kawa'ab and Queen Hetep-heres (the Second), the parents of Queen Meresankh and children of Cheops, of Meresankh herself, and her children and grandchildren. This Hetep-heres II., the daughter of Cheops, is represented with blonde or red hair, the only fair-haired person known as yet in the pyramid age." Princess Hetep-heres is represented in the wall-painting (identified above) with short hair painted bright yellow, and crossed with fine horizontal lines, indicating that she had blonde or red hair. Evidently foreign blood had been introduced into the Egyptian royal family.



5. LIKE A FLOW OF LAVA SOLIDIFIED: DÉBRIS IN THE PAINTED CHAMBER OF QUEEN MERESANKH, SEEN FROM INSIDE LOOKING SOUTH (THE OPPOSITE END TO THAT SEEN IN NOS. 1, 2, AND 3).

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Duke and Duchess.

Everyone has been mentally congratulating the Duke and Duchess of York on being back in England, and able for a time to do exactly as they like. The general idea is that they are spending most of their new leisure in playing with their baby daughter, and cultivating in her an intensive affection for her parents, a truly delightful occupation. They certainly are delighted to be home, but the first days in London must have seemed very strange. For six months they have been the centre of their world, both on shore or afloat, and when they were at sea their life was so different from that of any landsman that their minds became adapted to routine. They must now feel as strange as elder boys and girls whose school-days have suddenly ended, and it would take them some days to get over the loss of their sea-minds, which are, as inevitably as sea-legs, the result of a very long ocean voyage.

A Queen's Lady.

Lady Elizabeth Hesketh-Prichard (who has been for more than two years a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen) has become engaged to Major Thomas A. Motion, M.F.H., of Serge Hill, Abbots Langley, and the marriage will take place very soon. Lady Elizabeth is one of the

six daughters of the late Earl of Verulam and his wife, who is a daughter of the late Sir Frederick Graham of Netherby. She is, therefore, a niece of Hermione, Duchess of Montrose. Lady Wittenham is another aunt. Lady Elizabeth is the widow of the late Major Hesketh-Prichard, who died five years ago. He was a famous big-game hunter, had had adventures in many parts of the world, and wrote several books about them. Lady Elizabeth has three children, the second of whom, Alfred, who is eleven years old, was last month

appointed Page of Honour to the King. A similar office is held by the young son of another of the Queen's ladies, Lady Cynthia Colville.

The Lady of Downing Street.

Four garden parties in six days was Mrs. Baldwin's record last week, and the first one—that given at Aubrey House by leading suffragists—was so spoiled by heavy rain that it must have made her feel she deserved better luck for her own two garden parties on Friday and Saturday. Mrs. Baldwin is a delightful hostess. She likes people, and is thoroughly pleased when she can help any of the many good practical causes in which she is interested. No one, for instance, works harder than she in pressing the claims of London's working girls to have a fine, elaborately organised central club of their own.

ENGAGED TO LORD BROWNLOW:
MISS KATHARINE HARIOT KINLOCH.

Full of energy and enthusiasm, Mrs. Baldwin is especially good at practical work. When she was only eighteen she had a class of working girls, and ever since then she has seized opportunities to help her neighbours. Before the war, when her friends used



AFTER THEIR WEDDING:
MR. AND MRS. DICKSON MOYSE.

Mrs. Dickson Moyse is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Railing, of 71a, Grosvenor Square, W., and Whiteknights, Earley, Reading. Her marriage to Mr. S. Dickson Moyse took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on June 22. Nearly 400 guests attended the reception at Claridge's. The honeymoon is being spent in the South of France.

Lady Victoria Feilding has just left England to travel to old and new lands. She is going first to Japan to pay a visit to her eldest sister, Lady Mary Dormer, whose husband, Mr. C. F. Dormer, after some years' residence in Rome as one of the British Embassy staff, is now attached to the Embassy in Tokio. On her way home Lady Victoria will visit Lady Betty Walker, who now lives in Kenya. Lady Victoria is the youngest of Lord Denbigh's seven attractive daughters, and Lady Betty is next to her in age.

A Beauty's Betrothal.

The delightfully pretty younger daughter of Brigadier-General Sir David and Lady Kinloch has become engaged to Lord Brownlow, who succeeded to the title last April. Miss Kitty Kinloch, ever since her début in 1924, when she was only eighteen, has been regarded as one of the prettiest girls in society. She is very fair and extremely graceful, and was tremendously admired when she appeared some weeks ago among so many other pretty girls in the Pageant of Great Lovers, where she took the part of La Pompadour. Her elder sister is that versatile and enterprising lady, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, wife of Lord Grantley's heir. Lord Brownlow, who is in the Grenadier Guards, has just passed his twenty-eighth birthday. He served in the European War, but, owing to his youth, he only succeeded in reaching the front line on the last day of the war. His father, Major Cust, who did not succeed to the title till the death of his cousin, the third Earl, in 1921, served

throughout the war in France and Belgium. Lord Brownlow owns great estates.

The Trail-Riders.

Commander and Mrs. Huntingdon-Whitely, who have been spending a holiday in the Canadian Rockies, have qualified as "trail-riders," which presumably means that they have learned enough wood-craft to be able to follow a forest trail. Mrs. Huntingdon-Whitely is the third of the Premier's daughters. During the war her elder sisters were working in Mrs. Baldwin's hospital for soldiers, but as soon as she was old enough the third daughter worked with some girl friends on a friend's estate. She lived in the bailiff's house, and worked very hard for eighteen months as a shepherdess, getting up at four o'clock every morning.

Women of the Empire.

Several women Members of Parliament were the guests of honour at a reception held at the Lyceum Club last week in connection with the two-days' conference of the British Commonwealth League.

This conference interests English-women a good deal, for it brings together women from all parts of the Empire, to discuss their special women's problems. The League was formed some years ago with the idea that British women the world over ought to know a great deal more about

KEENLY INTERESTED IN LAWN-TENNIS:
LADY WAVERTREE.

each other than they did, and be able to co-operate with each other in their common interests. The discussions at the annual conferences always produce much out-of-the-way information. This year attention was chiefly directed to the conditions of women not of British birth who live under the British flag.

The League owes a great deal to the energy of its secretary, Miss Chave Collisson, who before coming to London had a distinguished career at Sydney University, and then studied for some time at an American university. Her father, who has lived for a great many years in Australia, was formerly Chaplain at White Lodge. Miss Collisson was presented at one of the recent Courts.

Tennis Hostesses.

From the tennis point of view this season's Wimbledon will be remembered as the wettest on record, but it has also established a record socially. Never before has there been so much entertaining for the "stars" as during the championship fortnight. Apart from the more or less official entertaining, the two hostesses most often visited by the stars in their leisure moments were Lady D'Abernon and Lady Wavertree. They are both tennis players of some distinction, and were to be seen at Wimbledon nearly every day. Lady Wavertree's parties were, as a general rule, for the players only, though a few other people who took a great interest in tennis were sometimes invited to meet them. Before her tennis garden party on Monday she gave a big luncheon party, and forty of the principal players sat round the dining table at her Regent's Park house. Lady D'Abernon, on the other hand, likes to mix her tennis star friends with those from the worlds of politics and society.



LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE,
WHOSE HUSBAND HAS SUCCEEDED
TO THE TITLE ON THE DEATH
OF HIS FATHER.

Lady Oranmore and Browne is the daughter of the Hon. Thomas and Lady Bertha Egerton. Lord Oranmore and Browne succeeded his father, who died last week as the result of the motoring accident which took place a short time ago.



TO MARRY MR. T. A. MOTION,
M.F.H.: LADY ELIZABETH
HESKETH-PRICHARD.

Life—

bottled by

Worthington

Vo. 3.—*The Dance*



PARTNERS

The girl who won't talk, the girl who won't stop talking . . . she who steers and she who stares (forgetting her feet the while) . . . they happen to everyone. The only way to preserve your reputation for charm is to slip out early for a Worthington. You can then pilot wilful dowagers with fortitude and earn a halo from your hostess.



CHARLESTON LEGS

It is now definitely established that the human knee bends both ways . . . our artist has seen it! Those who do the Black Bottom and kindred hey, hey, convulsions, should know that the subsequent exhaustion is completely remedied by Worthington.

HOME, JOHN

Having seen the fair Edwina home ('Forgive me not asking you in, but mother's waiting up') you get in over-smoked, over-tired and undernourished. Creep to the little cupboard under the stairs for just one Worthington. You'll wake clear-eyed in time to eat both rashers before showing your season.



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MUSIC AT COVENT GARDEN AND ELSEWHERE.

THE news that the British Broadcasting Company and Mr. William Boosey, of Chappell and Co., have come to an agreement by which the Promenade Concerts will be continued at the Queen's Hall under Sir Henry Wood, and broadcast, will be welcomed by everybody, for it assures permanency to the Promenade orchestral concerts, which are the main staple of London's musical life. It is a business triumph for Mr. William Boosey, for there can be no doubt but that he has got the best of the bargain, since his firm profits in its triple capacity as lessee of the Queen's Hall, proprietor of the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, and manufacturer of pianofortes, musical instruments, and songs. The B.B.C. Company has only gained the advantage of using a musical organisation and a concert hall which are already in being, instead of building them up for its especial purpose.

It is to be hoped, however, that the B.B.C. will pursue its present policy of giving public orchestral and chamber concerts on its own account for broad-

casting purposes, because the older musical organisations and concert promoters badly need the stimulus of competition to keep them alive and enterprising. Moreover, the B.B.C. reaches a new public, which contributes a quota of its more progressive members annually to the more advanced audiences—those who make a habit of attending the concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonic Societies, and the like. The series of "National" concerts given by the B.B.C. last winter at the Albert Hall were a great artistic success, and should be repeated; but they should be repeated in a smaller hall with better acoustics, and the B.B.C. will not be able to put off indefinitely the building of a concert hall and a theatre for their own productions.

For, no matter how freely the B.B.C. makes use of existing organisations, the field to be covered is so vast, and the possibilities are so limitless, that there will always be room for a constant experimental activity on the part of the B.B.C. itself, and their activity will in no way hinder, but, on the contrary, will stimulate, private enterprise. One of the most immediate needs of the moment concerns opera. Something must be done to preserve a school of English opera, and by English opera I mean performances by English or British artists and musicians of the world's operatic masterpieces, whether in

English or the original language. The British National Opera Company—that lively survivor of Sir Thomas Beecham's heroic creative effort many years ago—has maintained a precarious existence,



THE ART AND CRAFT OF THE MODERN SILVERSMITH: FINE PIECES ON EXHIBITION.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: A CUP LENT BY VISCOUNT DEVONPORT; A TEA-POT LENT BY THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF ARTS; A CUP BY THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD., LENT BY THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD; A SAUCE-TUREEN LENT BY THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF ARTS; AND A CUP BY ELKINGTON AND CO., LENT BY THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD.



THE ART AND CRAFT OF THE MODERN SILVERSMITH: FINE PIECES ON EXHIBITION.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: A CUP BY R. G. TOMS, LENT BY W. P. BELK; A CONDIMENT SET LENT BY THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF ARTS; A CUP BY PAUL COOPER, LENT BY THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS; A BOX, WITH AN IVORY FIGURE, ENAMEL AND NIELLO WORK, LENT BY THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF ARTS; AND A CUP BY GEORGE HART, LENT BY THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS.

There has been some tendency of late years to decry the work of the modern silversmiths. Why this should be so, it is difficult to say; for, in the majority of cases, its excellences are numerous and evident. Eloquent witness is borne to this by the present exhibition of craftsmanship in silver, which embodies examples fit to rank with those of ages past and most certainly designed to encourage artists in metal to be the worthy successors of worthy masters. Many, indeed, will take heart of grace when they realise the beauties of the pieces shown; and many will be encouraged to give of their best, to study design and handling, and, most vital of all, to be individual, to create a twentieth-century style that shall be recognised as bearing the stamp of one of the greatest, most progressive periods of our history.

in spite of the most discouraging difficulties. It is a company in being, and, as Mr. Ian Colvin, the librettist of "The Leper's Flute," has recently pointed out, if it were allowed to collapse, and if its machinery were disintegrated, "not £10,000 nor £50,000 would provide the organisation, the experience, the technical knowledge in several arts" required to produce an opera in English, or an English opera—"the B.N.O.C. is, in fact, almost the only organisation in England, and in the world which is ready to

(Continued overleaf.)

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(Continued.)

consider and to produce Grand Opera in English." We are told that the B.N.O.C. loses at the rate of £10,000 a year, but, as Mr. Colvin rightly points out, this does not mean that the B.N.O.C. is not wanted, and that therefore it should be allowed to die. On the contrary, the B.N.O.C. "plays habitually to enormous houses," and it has contributed during five and a half years no less a sum than £70,000 to the revenues of the country in Entertainment Tax. It is true, therefore, that, if this tax were remitted, the B.N.O.C. could pay its way. But of course we cannot expect that the tax should be remitted. What we can expect, however, is that the B.B.C. should contribute £10,000 or £15,000 a year to the B.N.O.C. in exchange for the right to broadcast its performances.

The only hope of getting an efficient organisation, and of developing the B.N.O.C. into a first-class opera company worthy of comparison with the State Opera of Vienna, is to secure it a permanency of existence and to put it on a sound financial basis. This could be done by an individual millionaire or a group of rich persons who were willing to make a grant of from £10,000 to £20,000 a year to the B.N.O.C. But the generosity of private individuals is notoriously fickle, and, furthermore, generally it involves some sacrifice of independence. It would be far better from every point of view if the B.B.C. would make some arrangement with the B.N.O.C. to secure its permanent existence as an organisation performing Grand Opera in this country for both public performance and for broadcasting.

The revival of Verdi's comparatively early opera, "Il Trovatore," at Covent Garden was heard with interest by a large public, to whom this old-fashioned

favourite was obviously new. But "Trovatore" is not a satisfactory opera in any way, even when we make the requisite allowances for Verdi's style. And these allowances have to be very great. Verdi's musical technique in this opera is extremely crude. The lack of orchestral sense is amazing when we consider Verdi's later development. It is no exaggeration to say that almost any unimportant arranger of ragtime and jazz employed in the ordinary theatre of to-day displays more orchestral sense than Verdi does in large portions of "Trovatore." Even the tunes themselves are not very good ones, and the development of Verdi's musical genius is shown just as much in the actual tunes themselves as in the orchestral technique. Compare, for example, such a melody as "Salce salce" from "Otello"—composed when Verdi was an old man of seventy—with any of the tunes from "Trovatore," and how infinitely superior the former is! The greater part of the melodic material of "Trovatore" is mere jingle, and one could never have guessed from this work what the composer was destined to become.

The opera also suffers from being split up into eight scenes. Here again we have the signs of immaturity. There is none of the dramatic economy of action of the later operas. "Trovatore" is a huge, sprawling, disjointed collection of *tableaux vivants*. The plot itself, with its Italianate intricacies, is almost totally incomprehensible to English minds. The confusing exchange of babies in the cradle must have suggested to W. S. Gilbert the plot for one of his well-known comic operas; but "Trovatore" is nothing if not serious and melodramatic, and this strain of seriousness is absurdly unconvincing when

applied to a libretto which is fit only for farcical treatment.

The last scene, in prison, is one of the best musically; some of the choruses are conceived with that superb directness and *aplomb* of which Italian composers alone have the secret, and the "Miserere" of the penultimate scene is a piece of effective composition for the theatre. But this opera would be intolerable if it were not very well sung, and the Covent Garden performance was, fortunately, very good. Frida Leider was an excellent Leonora, as one might have expected from so fine an artist; yet I cannot help thinking her miscast. It is impossible for a German, and a great Wagnerian, singer to give us the right Italian style. The fluency, the ease, the spontaneity, the "tone" were not there, and could not be there, and they were badly missed in such an opera as "Trovatore," where the intrinsic interest of the music is not great enough to make matters of style of minor importance. The same criticism applies to Maria Olczewska's Azucena. This magnificent German contralto was far too heavy and overweighted. Her melodrama had not got the right fluid Italian expressiveness, and her scenes consequently were apt to drag.

The new tenor, Aureliano Pertile, on the contrary, was completely at home, and sang with an ease and spontaneity that were delightful. He has an excellent voice, full and round in all registers, and of even quality, and he uses it admirably. He is a great acquisition to the London Opera Syndicate's list of tenors, and he must be credited with a large portion of the success of the opera. Signor Bellezza conducted with his usual vigour and incisiveness, and the choruses were good.

W. J. TURNER.



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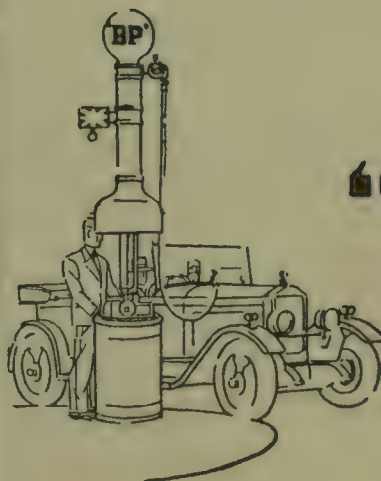
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Fashions & Fancies



Packing for a Long Week-End.

Packing for a long week-end nowadays involves more trouble than planning for a month. In that case you merely take all your clothes, whereas for four days a few must be chosen with discrimination and with "Multum in parvo" as your motto. Clothes for the morning are settled by wearing one jumper suit and packing another. For travelling, the stockinette jumper and tweed skirt, with perhaps a coat to match, is smart and practical; while the one in the suitcase is a three-piece affair in stockinette, which is equally at home on the golf course or strolling by the sea. For the afternoon, two more jumper suits in crêpe-de-Chine this time—will answer every purpose. They are made in the loveliest colours imaginable, often a light apple-green or pink geranium, while in another the scheme is an apple-blossom pink and white. Some new very smart jumpers have just the sleeves striped with appliquéd bands of contrasting

These simple, perfectly tailored overblouses of heavy crêpe-de-Chine have all been much reduced for the present summer sale at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.

colours running round the arm like a multitude of bracelets. The rest of the jumper is plain save for a hem striped in the same way.

Bargains in Every Sphere.

There are bargains to be found in every department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., where the sale continues until July 30. Pictured on the top of this page are some useful, well-cut overblouses in crêpe-de-Chine which offer excellent value. The one on the extreme left costs 39s. 6d., and the second 29s. 6d., while 39s. 6d. is the price of the sleeveless jumper in the centre. Next comes a long-sleeved model, prettily tucked, costing 49s. 6d., and the one on the right has been reduced to 39s. 6d. Then there are woolly jumper suits, originally 5½ guineas, offered at 42s., and 120 knitted wrap coats in various designs, originally 6½ to 8½ guineas, are also offered at 42s. each. A limited number of jumper suits in stockinette and suiting are available at £5 18s. 6d.

Frocks at Half Cost Price.

There are any amount of pretty frocks at very much reduced prices to be found at Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., some being offered at half cost price. A lovely model by Agnes, for instance, in cyclamen georgette and velvet enriched with silver broderie cost £40, and is offered at 18 guineas. There are also evening and day frocks ranging from 59s. 6d., originally worth from 4 to 7 guineas; and two-piece ensembles are 7 guineas. Some notable bargains are pictured on this page. The blue charmelaine frock on the left, with a beige crêpe vest embroidered with gold, has been reduced from 8½ guineas to 79s. 6d.; and 59s. 6d. secures the blue repp with a double-tiered skirt. The third dress is of old-rose repp with a georgette front, and costs 59s. 6d. instead of 5½ guineas. From the blouse and blouse-dress department comes the figured crêpe-de-Chine dress trimmed with net. Another attractive frock in silky marocain trimmed with a contrasting colour is available for 39s. 6d.; and morning frocks of cotton zephyr are only 14s. 9d.

One Week More.

There is only one week more of the great sale at Waring and Gillow's, Oxford Street, W., so no time should be lost before securing some of the many bargains. There is £20,000 worth of Swiss lace curtains to be cleared at half price, and cretonnes and shadow tissues are at record bargain prices. Thirty-inch cretonnes on extra strong linen-finished cloth are 1s. 11½d. instead of 3s. 11d. the yard. Carpets are considerably reduced, and reversible hearthrugs can be obtained from 10s. 9d. There are many bargains amongst furniture also. A comfortable easy-chair, well upholstered and covered in damask, is available for £2 19s. 6d.; and the "Fireside" chair in hide, with a loose striped cushion, is three guineas. A catalogue can be obtained post free by all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

A Catalogue on Request.

There is still time to apply for Robinson and Cleaver's (Regent Street, W.) catalogue of their sale, which continues until the end of the month. Pure spun silk vests can be obtained for 5s. 6d., and pure silk stockings for 5s., while fine lisle stockings with lace clocks, which are excellent for country wear, are to be cleared at 2s. a pair. Three-piece ensembles in stockinette are 49s. 6d. in many attractive colours, and striped jumpers with round necks are 14s. 9d. Linen jumper suits trimmed with hand-drawn thread-work are 16s. 11d.; and one-piece frocks of the same kind are only 9s. 11d. Amongst the household linen bargains there are table-cloths of linen damask reduced to 20s., and table napkins to match at 21s. the dozen; while embroidered linen bedspreads are 30s. A hundred pairs of large-sized hemmed Turkish bath sheets are offered at 10s. 9d. each; and linen huckaback face-towels are 15s. 11d. the dozen.



Two attractive and inexpensive coat-frocks included in the sale at Gorrings. Blue charmelaine expresses the one on the left, and blue repp that on the right.

A pretty figured crêpe-de-Chine dress and a frock of old-rose repp to be found in the sale which is now in progress at Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.



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This picture shows the Buick Majestic Tourer with its all-weather equipment erected. Note the perfect transparency of the side curtains. Its seating offers luxurious accommodation with ample room for five passengers; front seats are of the sliding bucket type, adjustable for leg room. Finished in blue or maroon Belco; upholstered in real leather to match £398

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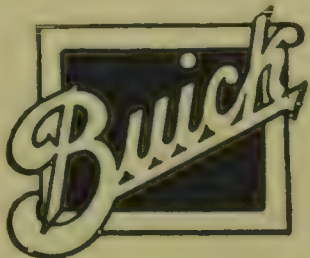
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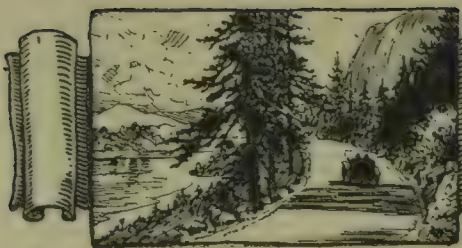
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By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

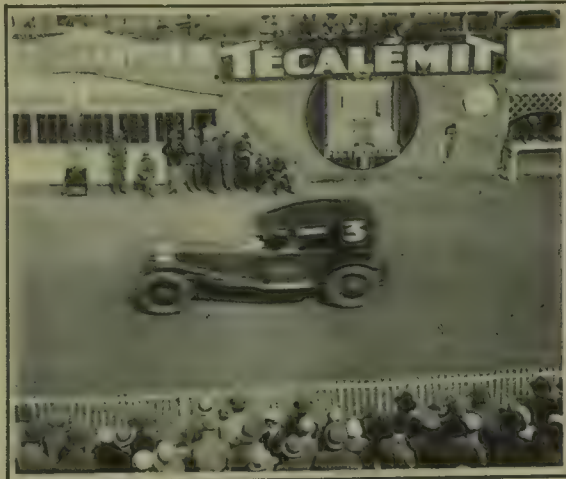
THE NEW VOISIN "LIGHT SIX."

READERS who were motor-owners before the war will remember one particular aspect of motordom immediately following the Armistice. Everybody was talking about the amazing effect that flying, and especially war flying, had had, or was going to have, on the motor-engine as fitted to motor-cars. We were to have engines of such power and flexibility and lightness as had never been dreamed of before, and it was only enough for a firm to announce, not necessarily that they were going to fit an engine which was a relation to an aeroplane machine, but that their engine was designed by a man who designed flying engines, or was even put together in the immediate neighbourhood of an aeroplane factory, for everyone to believe that it was the best kind of engine a motor-car could have.

They were pretty and fond dreams, those dreams of 1918-19, and, like most of their kind, they proved to be bubbles which had been pricked by the sharp needle of experience. It may be that, to a certain limited extent, experience gained in the air during the war resulted in the improvement of our car engines; but, except in a very few instances, no maker of a successful aeroplane engine has been tempted to manufacture engines for motor-cars. Personally, I can only think of two, and of these I am not sure that one has not ceased to manufacture. The other, appropriately enough, is one of the most famous on the aerial side. I mean the Voisin.

Knowing nothing whatever about aeroplane engines, I cannot say whether the new six-cylinder, sleeve-valved engine, 16-h.p. Voisin car is the direct outcome

The bore and stroke are 67 by 110, which represents a cubic capacity of a shade over 2½ litres. This means an annual tax of £17, the R.A.C. rating being 16.6. A twin carburetter is used with a single float-chamber,



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The Grand Prix motor-race was won by a Bentley car driven alternately by Mr. S. Davies and Dr. J. D. Benjafield. The two other Bentley entrants were put out of action through no fault of their own owing to the overturning of another competitor. At the time both cars were running perfectly, and "No. 1," driven by Mr. F. C. Clement, had broken all records for the course, lapping at an average speed of 73.01 miles per hour. In the same crash the winning Bentley car sustained a bent front axle, bent dumb irons, and other damage. It is remarkable, therefore, that it was able not only to proceed, but to win.

Photograph Reproduced by the Courtesy of the "Motor."

and perfect synchronisation is assured through an ingenious type of throttle connection. The ignition is by Delco coil and battery, the distributor being most conveniently placed on the top of the cylinder block. A spare distributor forms part of the standard equipment of the car—an exhibition

of commonsense I have hitherto failed to meet. These are only a few of the details which make the Voisin an unusually interesting car. The chief

more noise than the quietest of the mushroom-valved type engine. At high speeds it has a certain amount to say for itself, but, personally, I found the sound given off by this decidedly powerful motor rather inspiring. The carburetter or carburetters were not functioning perfectly on the day of my trial, and therefore I am somewhat reluctant to put it on record that there was a certain lag in the pick-up on top speed between twenty and twenty-five miles an hour. I am perfectly certain that it was a carburetter failure, and nothing to do with anything else. The feel of the engine from the moment that it gets hold is one which stays long in your memory. There is no vibration whatever, and you find it hard to decide which to admire more—the smoothness of the pull or the swiftness of the acceleration. I have seldom enjoyed driving a car more. It is quite a first-class production.

The very wide range of advance on the coil and battery ignition, as is generally the case, has a marked effect on the running of the engine, and the lever controlling the advance (which is independently self-advancing) is nearly as important a member as the accelerator pedal.

The only criticism I have to bring against this delightful car is that the gear-box is a three-speed one, and that change from first to second is an operation rather dangerous to one's knuckles, which may be brought into sharp contact with the edge of the dashboard. A trifle, so far as your knuckles are concerned, but a pity about the lack of that fourth speed. Nevertheless, the Voisin is an excellent hill-climber, and on that second gear, which is of a fairly high



"IN CAMP" WITH AN AUSTIN "TWENTY" CARAVAN: THE PORTABLE TENT ERECTED, AND THE FOLDING TABLE SPREAD FOR A MEAL. The tent is carried on the roof of the car. The table and two folding chairs are placed inside against the back panel, whence they can be lifted out in a moment. Other equipment includes oil stoves and washing-up apparatus.

of the Voisin aeroplane engine, or even faintly connected with it, but I can assert that it is a remarkably interesting production. Its undoubted excellence of design, construction, and performance may be the fruit of Voisin experience in the air, or it may be that Voisin is a dual genius and can build equally successfully for land and air. The point appears to me to be immaterial, and I only mention the connection because of Voisin's aerial fame. The main thing that strikes you about the new Voisin—it is an entirely new model, additional to the existing four-cylinder 18-h.p. and the small 10-h.p.—is the unusual amount of attention that has been paid to detail. For example, the vacuum tank of the Dewandre brake equipment is situated under the bonnet, where it is out of the mud and dust, and within comfortable reach of the owner-driver when he wishes to make adjustments. These adjustments are literally of the simplest possible nature, and literally of the fool-proof type.

Then another point, which, possibly unimportant of itself, is eloquent of the care which has been bestowed on the whole car, is the ingenious manner in which the fumes of the hot oil in the sump are brought from the breather situated on the top of the cylinder casting, under a cover, into the induction-pipes and so are absorbed into the exhaust itself.

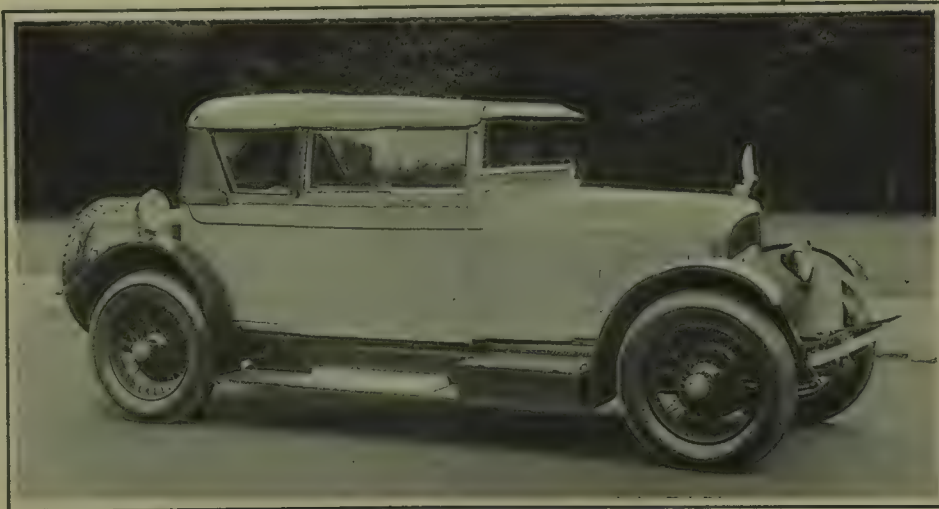


A HOLIDAY HOME ON WHEELS: THE AUSTIN "TWENTY" CARAVAN—SIDE VIEW WITH OPEN DOOR, SHOWING POCKETS.

The capacious pockets on the inner side of the doors carry table linen, cutlery, and so on. There is a large amount of window space. The forward ends of the rear seats, which form the beds, can be seen.

ratio, it tackled Pebblecombe Hill in a very stout-hearted manner, not dropping below twenty miles an hour on the steepest patch. The springing is excellent, and devoid of that harshness which is rather a feature of modern French cars. I have no complaint of any kind to make about the steering, and the Dewandre-operated brakes are as good as you could possibly wish. The equipment would be considered excellent in a British car of twice the price—in a French car at £615 for the chassis it is remarkable. A thoroughly interesting example of what first-class French engineering can produce to-day.

"Owen John" has written, in "The Autobiography of Owen John" (Iliffe), a delightful book of motoring reminiscences which will appeal to every motorist. The author's descriptions of his early struggles to get his first car going and keep it in that miraculous condition for any length of time will strike a chord in many an old stager's memory. Who will not be stirred by the laconic entry in his diary: "Broke down and left car behind"? The book, which covers some twenty-five years' automobilism, is a mine of reference, and a very able short history of our motoring times, excellently illustrated by photographs and delightful thumbnail sketches in the text.



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE SIX-CYLINDER, SLEEVE-VALVED ENGINE, 16-H.P. VOISIN FITTED WITH A "SULKY" ALL-WEATHER BODY—A REMARKABLY INTERESTING PRODUCTION.

one is, of course, the fact that the engine is of the sleeve-valved type of design, with which a number of makers have experimented, most of them with indifferent success, for some years. It strikes me as thoroughly successful in the Voisin. It is not noiseless, but when idling and at low speeds it makes no

THE IDENTIFICATION OF HAZOR.

(Continued from Page 54.)

be unscientific to base anything more than a general accordance upon evidence which is only superficial and therefore incomplete. Excavation will determine the premises for closer reasoning. It suffices for the present to note that the superficial archaeological indications of the site accord with the chief historical data concerning Hazor to be gleaned from Egyptian and Biblical sources.

It may also be noted that the name Hazor, literally a tray or saucer with upturned edge, may be used of various kinds of enclosure—for instance, a sheep-pen; but as applied to a settlement it suggests a permanently enclosed area, and is sometimes actually translated "camp." The name, then, is also appropriate to the place.

The strategic position of the site indicates more definitely its real identity with Hazor. It is placed, as we have already noticed, at the junction of the main roads to Sidon, to Damascus, and to Palestine. It occupies, then, a dominating strategic situation accordant with the position of Hazor at the head of all the neighbouring petty kingdoms. It is in the Huleh basin, at the foot of the Galilean Hills, not far from the lake and river and the great springs that feed them—a position which accords uniquely, as has long been recognised, with the Biblical reference to the Waters of Merom. The fact that Hazor overlooked the lake is definitely stated by Josephus; while a more contemporary Egyptian papyrus associates Hazor with a river the valley of which lay north and south. No other site that can be suggested fulfils these conditions. Further, we are told that Joshua chased one part of the defeated and scattering allies unto Great Zidon and another part unto the Valley of Mizpeh eastward: our map shows the roads to Sidon and to the east to be the immediate avenues of escape against attack from the south. The association of Hazor with Sidon is not confined to the Biblical narrative, but appears to be the geographical sequence in political documents of Egypt. The suggestion is, then, that the two were connected by a road in which no city of equal importance intervened; and this is the case.

So far, then, as there is indication in Egyptian and Biblical sources as to the nature, position, and history of Hazor, this camp enclosure in the Huleh basin meets the case precisely. There seems, indeed, no reasonable alternative; the positions of other sites that have been suggested on general grounds, notably El Khureibeh, possess none of the strategic advantages or defences that single out this one. El Khureibeh, in particular, is placed high on the Galilean plateau, in a country hardly suitable for chariot manœuvres. It is, moreover, within the territorial area of Kadesh Naphthali, and such a situation is incompatible with the further reference to Hazor in connection with Deborah and the defeat of Sisera.

None of these objections apply to this fortified camp of El Qedah, which is at the foot of the Galilean Hills, separated by that sharp barrier (though not far) from Kadesh Naphthali, while opening directly to the plain so favourable for

chariotry. Its identification with Hazor we have seen to be accordant with all the contemporary indications, and this is confirmed directly by the later narrative of Jonathan's expedition against the forces of Demetrius II. after the death of Alexander, in the First Book of Maccabees (xi. 67). The setting of this exploit is much the same as that of Joshua's great campaign a thousand years before. Demetrius's princes had come to Kedesh with a great host. Jonathan and his army encamped by the Sea of Galilee, and early in the morning they made their way to the plain of Hazor. The enemy forces met him in the plain, having laid an ambush for him in the mountains. Eventually, however, Jonathan put them to rout and pursued them unto Kedesh. A study of the position indicated by this narrative is convincing. We may safely conclude that the site of Hazor is at last located.

This conclusion enables us to complete with material illustration the descriptions of Joshua's campaigns, which, apart from all other questions, are among the most thrilling military exploits in Biblical narrative. The old city of Jericho, with the sack of which the story opens, was partly excavated some seventeen years ago, and the examination of its ruins led to the conclusion that it was destroyed by an invasion from the east. Discussion centres now upon the precise date of this event, about which the excavators have more recently changed their minds; but the fact remains. Next comes the taking and burning of Ai, the site of which is a heap of ruins and an impressive scene of desolation to this day. The narrative, read upon the spot, explains itself point for point, as the strategy and incidents develop, by reference to the local features, and requires no further illustration. The third great incident was the relief of Gibeon, in which strategy and rapid marching followed by a sudden onslaught discomfited the enemy. The whole picture of this exploit, including the battlefield and its approaches, is unfolded from the height (called Nebi Samwil) north of Jerusalem. Gibeon was a great city, as one of the royal cities, and the village which marks it (still called El Gib) occupies an impressive situation on an isolated mound that is more extensive than the modern houses. A small fertile plain lies away to the west, doubtless the scene of the battle, for it gives way to the Bethhoran Valley at a place still called "the Ascent of Ajalon" by those who climb it.

The last and greatest campaign was that directed against the Canaanite league under the King of Hazor. Intermediate details are wanting, but it is clear that the local chieftains were assembled in force, with horses and chariots, near the Waters of Merom, and against them Joshua numbered all the people of war he could command. Again rapid movement and a surprise attack enabled him to scatter his foes and give him the victory. After pursuit in several directions, the first of which was Sidon, Joshua turned back and took Hazor, which before-time was the head of all these kingdoms. And he smote all the souls that were therein with the edge of the sword, utterly destroying them; there was not any left that breathed: "and he burnt Hazor with fire." Excavation, properly conducted, would not fail to disclose the traces of a great

conflagration, together with many details of historical and human interest. Indeed, the ruins of Jericho, of Ai, of Gibeon, and of Hazor all await scientific excavation; and three of these sites are intact. The history of centuries of life lies buried, and a fortnight's work at Jericho and at Hazor compared together might provide the basic material for the date of Joshua's campaigns, and so for the Exodus and the chronology of the period of the Judges. Will no one come forward to make this work possible?

The location of Hazor offers a fuller interpretation of that much-discussed reference in the Book of Judges, already mentioned, to be found in the narrative version of the defeat of Sisera. The situation there indicates Harosheth of the Gentiles as an outpost of Hazor, in control and protection of the cities in the plain of Esdraelon. Research has located the probable site of Harosheth at Tell Harbaj, near modern Harithiyeh, which preserves the name. From this position just inside the Plain of Acre it dominated the entrance to the Plain of Esdraelon by the Kishon Pass. The map shows Hazor to be at the focus of a radiating system of natural lines of communication, of which the advanced posts are the famous string of fortified cities frequently mentioned, Bethshan, or Beisan (Ibleam), Ta'anac, Megiddo, and Dor. These positions form, with Harosheth, a chain of frontier fortresses, closing the approaches towards Damascus and the north against Egypt by the coastal plains. The strategy of the situation is apparent. The identification of Hazor explains at once the political and military organisation of this historic area of Palestine. And this new factor was permanent, for it was based on the strength and position of the site. By way of illustration, we recall that in the Egyptian political correspondence of the fourteenth century the King of Hazor was denounced to the Pharaoh as going over to the Hittites, then advancing south. While we have no evidence as yet from Hazor, excavations have been proceeding, as all know, at Beisan and at Megiddo, which we have seen were strategically bound with Hazor. It is, then, of surpassing interest to note that at both these places there have been found Hittite traces of the period in question. At the former, a unique type of Hittite ceremonial battle-axe was found, together with other Syro-Hittite objects, broken and placed before the shrine of the goddess Astarte. At the latter there has lately been dug up a small bronze representing a Hittite warrior, complete with sword and shield and the conical hat characteristic of the Hittite soldiery.

But the full history of Hazor lies buried as yet in its soil. From its unique position, where the roads from Syria and Palestine intersect, it witnessed the unrolling of centuries pregnant with history, from the coming of Abraham till its capture by the Assyrian king. To-day it is given over to desolation; its name is forgotten, and in local tradition the memory of its former kings survives as a dynasty of supernatural beings. Only its mighty ramparts bear silent witness to the reality of its eventful past.

And Hazor shall be a dwelling place for jackals, a desolation for ever: no man shall dwell there, nor shall any son of man sojourn therein.

To the DEAF

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SPOT ON THE SUN," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

IT is possible to get a very enjoyable evening out of a visit to Mr. John Hastings Turner's play; but if you are to do so you must be prepared to turn a blind eye on the play itself and its picture of a raffish set in Monte Carlo. To the acting you may devote as serious attention as you like, for it is brilliant throughout. In the rôle of Mrs. Patrick, an inveterate gambler who has been living for some time on a Levantine millionaire's money, and, when she nerves herself to pay the price, finds that he wants her young daughter and not herself as *quid pro quo*, Miss Marie Tempest obtains opportunities not only for the delicious comedy in which she excels, but also for tears, indignation, and pathos. Lady Tree, as an old hag who has bought and insists on keeping a detestable young man she calls her dancing partner, gives us a glorious piece of bravura work, abounding in high spirits and humour. Mr. Howe's portrait of this bought young man is admirably observed, and even better is Mr. Frank Cellier's study of the Levantine moneylender, notwithstanding the absurdity of this creature's sudden mood of magnanimity. Miss Agnes Imlay provides welcome fun as a Calvinistic housekeeper who comforts herself for waiting on bibbers of cocktails by pondering what is in store for them at the Day of Judgment. Lastly, Miss Fabia Drake, a young actress now coming along fast, almost persuades belief in Mrs. Patrick's athletic young daughter, who finds her mother's friends stuffily dull, and takes only twenty-four hours to fall in love with the dancing partner. Her gawkish

ways, her stride, her displays of temper and emotion, are all characteristic of the modern girl. But you must not examine this girl's conduct, or, indeed, Mr. Turner's whole story, at all closely, or your sense of enjoyment will suffer. Be content to savour the acting and to laugh at the many witty lines, and you will be more than satisfied with your evening.

"BLUE SKIES," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

"Blue Skies," the name given to the new "cabaret-revue" at the Vaudeville, has a pretty sound, but is applied without any sort of reason to the show. Nor is it apparent what "cabaret-revue" means, unless it means a revue in which there are none of the customary sketches. Still, neither title nor description matters much so long as the programme has the liveliness and variety which Mr. de Bear has secured for his show. There is an excellent skit on the Co-optimists and their class of entertainment. There are a couple of clever artists hailing from South Africa, Max and Harry Nesbitt, who dance with feverish energy and sing nonsensical songs with engaging comicality. There are acceptable turns from Miss Elsa Macfarlane, Mr. Jack Smith, the baritone, and Mr. George Vollaire; while Miss Josephine Trix is of the greatest help to the revue, not only in her own bright songs and dance, but also in duets with her colleagues. Finally, Mr. Norman Griffin is as droll as ever, Miss Zoe Palmer dances neatly, and there is a first-rate chorus.

"CASTLES IN THE AIR," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

"Castles in the Air" may not contain music of any particular quality, but it has all the other requisites of musical comedy, and many more than most successful samples of its genre can show, so that

it can safely be tipped as a winner. Mr. Cochran can shake hands with himself over the production, and also with Mr. John Boyle, who has arranged the dances and ensembles. Indeed, the precision of the work of the chorus is one of the best features of the show, the six male and the six female dancers having been drilled to perfection. The libretto, with its Ruritanian story about a prince who seems to be a pretender but really turns out to be a prince, and an heiress who waits till nearly curtain-fall before forgiving him his only apparent imposture, serves well enough as a thread on which to hang sentimental songs, attractive dances, and a fair amount of humour. Mr. John Steel, an American artist, has got a pleasing voice, and, of course, popular Miss Helen Gilliland does full justice to such musical numbers as come her way in the heroine's rôle. Miss Genevieve McCormick is a newcomer who, with her comic gifts and her capacity for sprightly dancing, should prove an acquisition to our lyric stage; while Mr. Allen Kearns is now as droll a comedian as any in town. Yes, "Castles in the Air" should be able to count on a run.

The Advertising Exhibition at Olympia opens on Monday, July 18, and will continue until Saturday, July 23. Any of our readers who are able to visit the exhibition are cordially invited to inspect *The Illustrated London News* stand, No. 196.

In reproducing an old drawing of greyhound-racing at Hendon in 1876 (in our issue of July 2), we inadvertently stated that it was from a back number of *The Illustrated London News*. This was incorrect. The drawing originally appeared in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* for Sept. 23, 1876.

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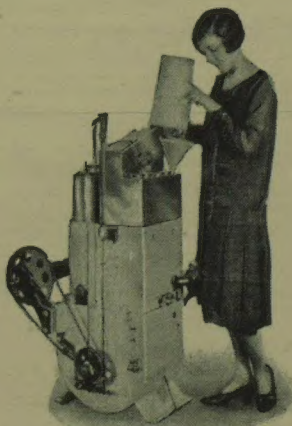
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THE DIAGHILEFF BALLET SEASON AT THE PRINCES THEATRE.

TO confess to a feeling of slight disappointment in connection with so perfect an entertainment of its kind as the Diaghileff Ballets, now on at the Princes Theatre, may show an unnecessarily exacting state of mind; but we had been promised several new productions, and up to the end of the fourth week the only novelties given have been "The Cat" and "Le Pas d'Acier" (with music by Prokofieff) which, though very amusing, are quite slight. After all, we look to M. Diaghileff to give us new things, and perhaps he has spoiled us in this respect in the past.

It was, however, a great feather in his cap to show us M. Stravinsky in a new guise. As a distinguished composer we all knew him, but that he was such a fine *chef d'orchestre* came as a surprise to most of us, as very few great composers are good conductors. It is a pity that M. Stravinsky could not have been persuaded to stay a little longer in London, but important engagements called him back to Paris. As it is, he showed us in his ballets some most interesting new points, which most of us had not noticed before so clearly, even in such well-known ones as "Petrushka," "Pulcinella," and "The Firebird." The choreography of "Pulcinella" has been revised by M. Massine, who danced the name-part with his usual distinction. It is indeed a great asset that he has returned to the Diaghileff Company.

Among the younger of the prima ballerinas Mme. Nikitina (by the way, why has "Zephyr et Flore" not been produced again?—it is quite one of the most charming of the newer ballets, and the part of Flora suits Mme. Nikitina so admirably),

and Mme. Danilova are particularly good, and their youth gives them that real suppleness which no amount of technique can replace later on. M. Serge Lifar improves each season, and it is difficult to believe that but two years ago he was practically unknown. His first big success was in "Les Matelots."

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE CASE-BOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. CONAN DOYLE. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)

And so this is the last we shall see of Sherlock Holmes. He has had a long life. He made his first bow in 1889. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle dismisses him regretfully into the shades: there must be an end even to his infallible and indefatigable activities. "The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes" does not show a falling-off, either in Mr. Holmes's perspicacity or Dr. Watson's loyalty to his friend; but the pace nowadays is a little too frantic for these famous men. The cases are good, and there is no deviation from the decent preliminaries of the pipe, the arm-chair, and the dressing-gown. The best-known sleuth in British fiction gives a final deft display of the talents that have commanded the affectionate respect of two generations. It will always remain an open question whether he was or was not a better man at the game than the detectives of Wilkie Collins and Gaboriau. They are immortals together now, and are probably thrashing the matter out amicably in the Elysian Fields.

THE SUN OF THE DEAD. By IVAN SHMELOV. (Dent; 7s. 6d.)

"The Sun of the Dead" is a novelist's indictment of the Bolshevik régime. It is written by an artist

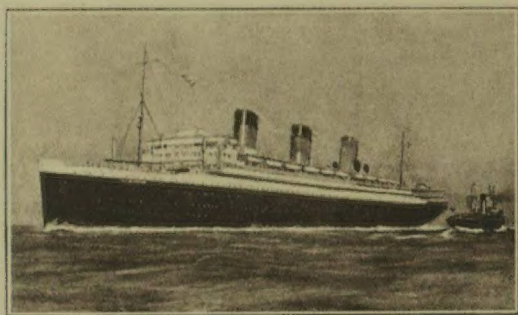
whose passion for truth is as strong as his faculties of expression. It was Ivan Shmelov who wrote "That Which Happened." This book is not less noteworthy. Truly the Crimea as the Bolsheviks have dealt with it supports the theory of the mad priest in "John Bull's Other Island." Hell has been made in a fertile region of great natural beauty. This was once the Russian Riviera. Now it is a place of torment for the remnant of its population that has survived successive waves of massacre. Fine houses dropping into scabrous decay, ruined fishermen, friendless children crouching in the woods—this is the harvest of the revolution. The brutality of the Bolsheviks is paralleled by their stupidity. The army horses that were left to perish of slow starvation by thousands bear mute witness to that. It would be comforting to be able to think that "The Sun of the Dead" is a distortion, or an exaggeration, of the facts; but there is no such comfort to be found in its sober realism. Not, at least, for people of reasonably open minds.

COCKADOODLE. By C. E. LAWRENCE. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)

Fairies are kittle cattle, and the fairy who intruded into the affairs of Octavius Jones was as jealous as Titania, from whom (though we are not told it) she may have been descended. Octavius was one of the "poor things that must face rough life with weakness and fear." He lived in a lodging-house with other poor things, and became the prey of the landlady's niece. In the end he was set free by his fairy, and his vicissitudes were forgotten in elfdom. "Cockadoodle" is removed a long way from "The Old Man's Wife." People who read that moving story and wished for one of C. E. Lawrence's incursions into fantasy as an antidote, will find that Dolores the fairy has waved her wand and the thing is done.

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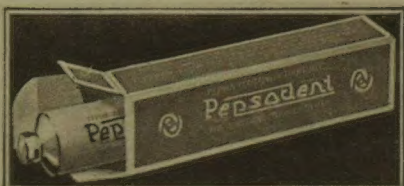
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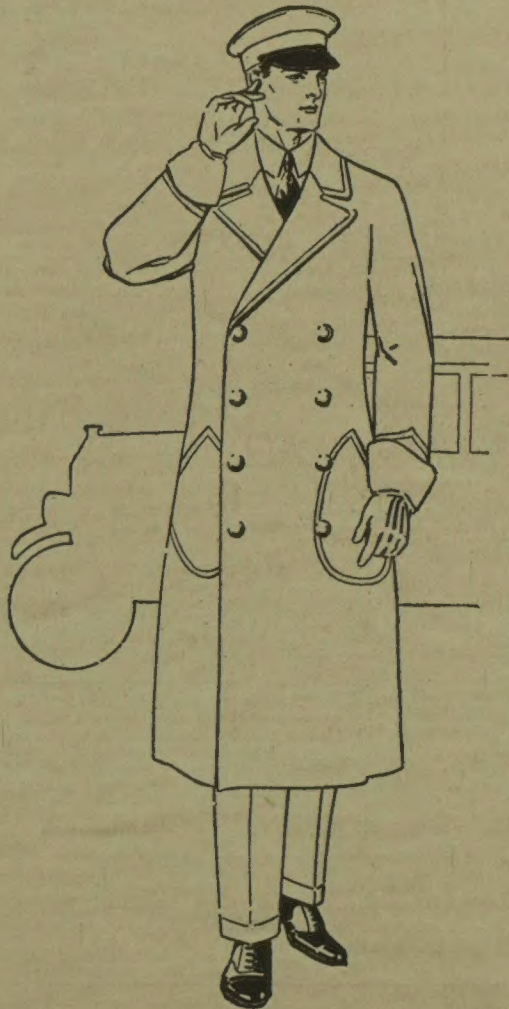
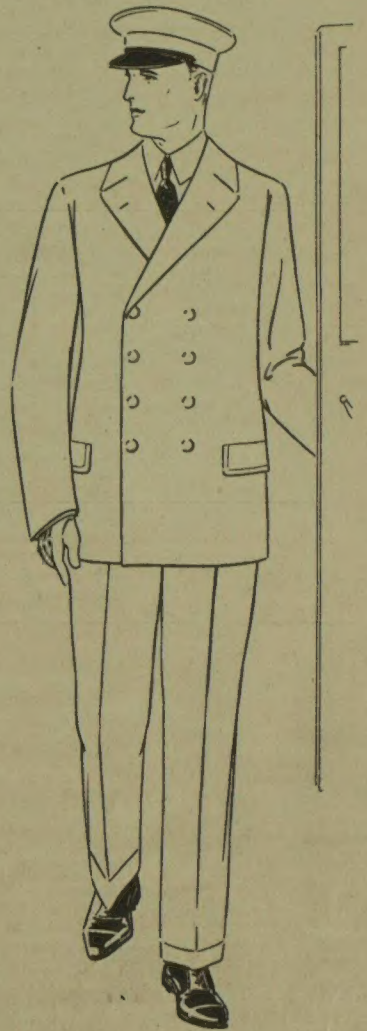
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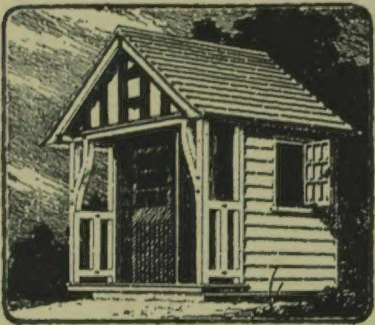
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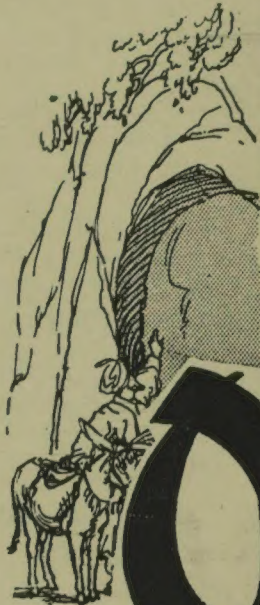
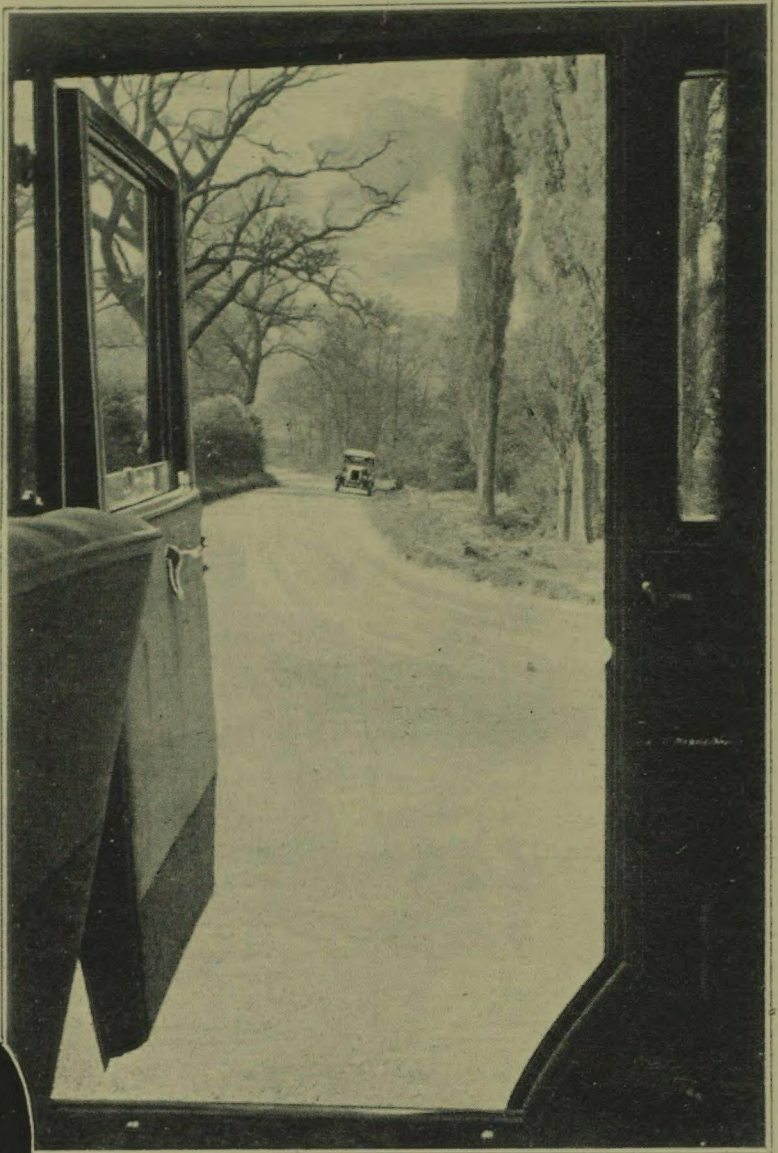
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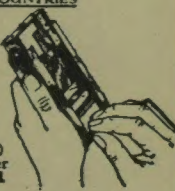
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